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Alonzo. Jas. Burningham
President - From his Father

ENGLAND

Merrie England.

TRAVELS, DESCRIPTIONS,

TALES AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS, BY DEVEREUX.

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CHILDREN'S ROOM
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DEDICATION.

It is to the little readers of The Little Pilgrim, for whose instruction and amusement the following sketches were originally written, that I dedicate them now.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

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Introduction.

INTRODUCTION.

When in my childhood I read the charming stories of Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Edgeworth, and Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, there sprang up in my heart a great longing to visit those noble old countries over the sea from whence our forefathers came; and when in my girlhood, at school, I read the histories of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and ancient Rome, stronger and stronger grew that longing, and every year that passed after only added to its intensity, until at last I resolved that, God willing, I *would* see those foreign lands and those peoples about which I had thought and dreamed so long. I have always noticed that a resolution formed in this manner is very sure to be carried out. There were many obstacles in the way of my darling plan; but my heart and will were in it; and so it came about that, on the 29th of May, 1852, I sailed from New York

on the steamship Atlantic for Liverpool, England.

I never shall forget that day. It was very calm and sunny; the skies shed no tears over our going, and the sea seemed to invite us out on to its smooth and smiling expanse. They say that I bore up very well in parting with the friends who went with me on board the ship; but when they were gone, and we had put off from shore, all seemed to grow dark and desolate around me. I felt like a poor little child left for the first time among strangers, and for a while I fear I behaved like a child; for I bowed my head upon my hands and cried bitterly, and thought that I had been rash and foolish in leaving my pleasant valley home and all my dear ones to seek my fortune, as it were, in that great, strange world over the sea. But presently I said to myself, "This will never do; we have undertaken a brave thing, and we must carry it bravely through." So, dashing away my tears, I choked down my childish feelings, and never let them overcome me again.

For the first half of the voyage the weather continued pleasant and all went well. We

became accustomed to our life on shipboard, and endeavored to make ourselves at home. But it was very, very dull, I assure you, though we tried hard to amuse ourselves by walking and talking, reading and playing games. Some ate and drank a great deal, "just to pass away the time," they said; though, if you had seen them at the table, you would have supposed they had always been used to eating five hearty meals a day, they took to it so naturally. We were all so anxious to be entertained that we laughed at jokes that we would never have thought of laughing at on shore; indeed, I am afraid that two or three young gentlemen grew rather conceited and fancied themselves very clever and witty because we laughed at their nonsense when we had nothing else to do. There was one of these, I remember, who one morning formed the bright idea of pinning a large card, with the word "ENGAGED" printed on it, belonging to his state room, on to the coat skirt of another gentleman; but he so enjoyed his own trick beforehand that he went round among all the passengers to tell them what he was going to do; and the consequence was, that some one slyly pinned just such

a card to *his* coat skirt; and we were all laughing at him when he thought we were laughing at his foolish joke.

There was an elderly gentleman who had a spyglass, and was always on the lookout for icebergs and whales. One day, after standing for hours on the wheel house, patiently watching, he shouted out that there was a great iceberg in sight. Though we all became excited in a moment and eager to behold this new wonder of the great deep, we could not make out any thing distinctly; but the elderly gentleman declared that he saw it as plainly as possible, sparkling in the noonday sun, and a large polar bear sitting on the topmost point. But when the captain levelled his glass in the direction pointed out he laughed, and said there was nothing there but a great white cloud. As for whales, there was but one seen during the voyage, and that came spouting along one morning when the elderly gentleman was down below eating his lunch. He was terribly vexed at losing the sight after having watched for it so long, and really seemed to take a spite against whales, for he never looked out for them after, but turned

his attention to Mother Carey's chickens and porpoises. The first are little sea birds that sailors have a high regard for and consider sacred. If a passenger should shoot one, they would expect a tremendous storm to come up directly and the vessel to be wrecked in a few hours. Of course this is a foolish superstition. Porpoises are great, ugly, clumsy fish, that generally swim in large companies, or "schools," as they are called, and roll and tumble about in an extraordinary manner.

Hour after hour of the long, bright days, when we were out of sight of land, I used to sit on deck, looking over the sea, watching the great green waves, with their white tops flashing in the sun, as they rolled far, far away, till they seemed to break against the sky. I knew it was very grand and sublime; but I hated it all the while, and would have given more for a few rods of firm earth, grassy, and shady, and flowery, than for all the seas that ever rolled under the sun. Though I kept up, and went to my meals, and made believe I enjoyed them; though I walked the deck every day as if I were working my passage over; though I laughed at every

body's jokes, which was hardest of all, — yet I never felt happy or well, and always longed for land.

One day, much to my surprise, I spied a real live butterfly on one of the spars of the vessel. It had been blown out from the shore, the captain said; but its wings were wet with spray and torn by the winds, and it did not live many minutes after it lit.

I thought to myself that perhaps this poor little creature had been born in some secluded cottage garden, brought up on the sweetest honey and the purest dew, cradled by night in a jasmine flower, and rocked by soft summer winds, or cosily couched in the heart of a rose, and sung to sleep by a merry cricket; that perhaps she had always been happy and contented till some gossiping locust or vagrant humming bird had filled her ears with fine stories of grander gardens over the sea, and she had been seized with a foolish longing for foreign travel, strange sights, and adventures; that from this time she had found her garden-home dull, her honey and dew insipid, her rose-bed uncomfortable, the song of her cricket-nurse harsh, till she could stand it no

longer, but bravely flew off from shore, right over that beautiful, sparkling sea. Then the strong wind took her and whirled her on and on through the salt ocean spray all day and all night, till it left her at last, not in a foreign, fairy garden, but on a great ship, which smelt of tar instead of roses, and where she sunk fluttering down on to the deck, and the small gold stars died out of her azure wings, and she was soon only a little heap of shining dust. Somehow I did not feel in such good spirits about my own travels after thinking out this story of the butterfly.

Finally there came on stormy weather. It was rainy, windy, and cold, and the waves ran mountain high. They said that the sea looked very grand and terrible from the deck; but I knew nothing of it, for I was down in the cabin, prostrated with sea-sickness. I am not going to describe *this* to you, dear children. There are some dreadful things in this life which it is best you should not know much about till you are old and strong enough to bear them bravely; and sea-sickness is one of these.

I remember that one day, when I was most ill

and sad, a young lady came to the sofa on which I lay, and bent over me, and talked for some time kindly and cheerfully. I had seen her in our own country, dressed very richly, and adorned with flowers and jewels, standing before great crowds of people, and singing as we fancy the angels sing; but never had she seemed so beautiful and so good as when smiling over my couch and speaking such gentle, encouraging words to me in my suffering. That lady's name was Jenny Lind.

There were several long, dark days when the ship did nothing but roll, and pitch, and creak, and every thing seemed turning upside down; but, with patient waiting and enduring, all darkness and trouble pass off at last. The day that the glad cry of "Land ahead!" was heard the sky grew clear, the sea smooth, and we sufferers all got well.

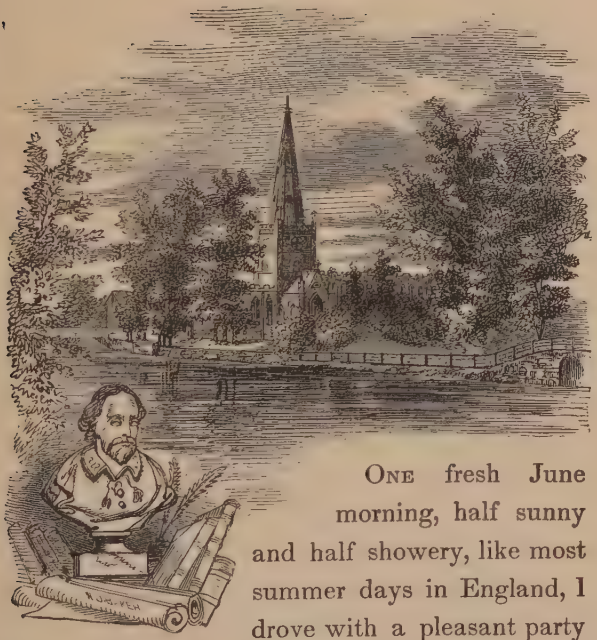
I can never tell how rejoiced I was to feel the ground under my feet again, nor how green, and pleasant, and garden-like England looked to me. It did not seem a strange country, even at first; and I soon grew to love it and its kind, hospitable people with all my heart. I presently

went into the country to visit some friends who lived in a very charming place. On my way there, and, indeed, every where that I went in England, I saw noble houses, parks, and gardens, and pretty cottages, beautiful hedges and lawns, grand old trees, and hosts on hosts of flowers. I soon became quite contented and happy; and I should have been very ungrateful if I had felt otherwise, all was so delightful about me, and every where I met such kind and generous friends. I was sometimes sorry that I could do so little and give so little in return for this goodness. I could only love them and thank God; but perhaps this was enough.

In the sketches which I now propose to write I do not intend to give you a particular description of all my travels, but shall try to tell you something interesting of the principal places I visited, and of the distinguished men and women who live or have lived in them. And so ends my introduction.

Stratford upon Avon.

SHAKSPEARE.



One fresh June morning, half sunny and half showery, like most summer days in England, I drove with a pleasant party of friends into a quiet country village, and stopped before a remarkably old and odd-looking house, which, after gazing at very earnestly for a while, we entered. We first passed through a

room, which seemed built for a shop, into a smaller apartment, containing a great deep fireplace, with seats in each corner under the chimney. We then ascended a narrow flight of stairs to a chamber empty of every thing but a few books and pictures, and with the walls and even the ceiling written all over with visitors' names. Well, this queer old house is the house of the great Shakspeare, and this little chamber is the one in which he was born.

The English keep very sacredly the ancient, weather-beaten, moss-grown building in which their grandest poet first opened his baby eyes, toddled about in as an infant, played in as a boy, spent year after year in as a young man. They are proud enough, all the world knows, of many other things, but proudest of all of the name and fame of Shakspeare. Among those names written on the walls I found many famous men and women, and even some kings and princes, though by far the greater part were Smiths and Joneses, Robinsons and Jacksons, Browns and Simpsons — families which I think must travel a great deal and very fast; for I

saw their names every where I went in Europe, though I was pretty sure I left them all in America.

From the house we went to a lonely old church on the banks of the river Avon, where, in what is called the chancel, we saw the tomb and the bust of Shakspeare.

When, my dear young readers, you are grown to be men and women, you will doubtless read the works of this poet; but in the mean time, as we are at Stratford, perhaps you will be interested in hearing something of the man who has made it such a famous place.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

On the 26th day of April, 1564, (only think how long ago!) one Mr. John Shakspeare and his wife Mary presented themselves at the parish church of Stratford upon Avon with a young baby, whom they had christened *William*. The parents were probably dressed in their best, and brought a good number of friends with them. The mother may have looked a little pale, and

trembled, and wept somewhat with joy and thankfulness. The father must have been proud and happy; for, though he had two little daughters, this was his first son; but he doubtless bore himself like a man on the occasion.

Mr. John Shakspeare was a respectable wool-dealer and a magistrate; but his wife was of a proud and wealthy family, — one of the Ardens of Wilmecote, — and some of her friends thought that she might have looked higher than a tradesman. But I hope that she never felt so, nor treated her husband any less kindly than if he had been a lord.

Years went by, and the little William, or Will., as he was called, grew in beauty and in knowledge. He was not so ruddy and robust as most English boys; but he was well formed, active, and spirited. He had a broad, high brow, great, deep, thoughtful eyes, and a mouth full of sweetness and pleasantness. Yet he was a strange, wayward, wilful boy, who never took heartily to work of any kind, and was never tired of reading poetry, plays, romances, and history. He loved to wander off alone in the fields and woods, to listen to the winds and birds in the

trees, and the ripple and laughter of brooks down rocks and glens; and he sometimes might have been overheard talking to himself and singing snatches of wild songs. He would lie for hours on the banks of the Avon, watching the shadows and the clouds, or idly plucking up grass and daisies and flinging them on the little river, while he dreamed out beautiful plays and wonderful fairy tales; and in stormy winter nights he would sit in the great chimney corner and tell strange, wild stories to his brothers and sisters, till he made them laugh and cry, and sometimes huddle together and cling about their mother with fright and horror. He was his mother's darling child. She only understood him, and knew all that was noble and beautiful under his faults and strange ways; yet she was at times almost frightened to see how much wit, and cleverness, and understanding the boy had. When sometimes his father would scold because William showed no inclination towards the wool business or any business at all, and would say that the lad would "never come to any good," his mother always answered, with a good deal of spirit, "Our Will. is sure to

make some noise in the world yet; now, mark my words, John."

But the neighbors all shook their heads wisely, and said, "Mrs. Shakspeare is spoiling that boy; he'll never make the man his father is."

I am sorry to say that, as he grew out of boyhood, the young poet fell into rather wild ways. He was very witty and lively, and so was much courted by gay company and exposed to many temptations. He showed, too, that a great genius can be very foolish and imprudent, by marrying, before he was eighteen, Miss Anne Hathaway — doubtless a worthy young woman in her way, but not suited to William Shakspeare, it seems, for he was not long happy with her. He was obliged to leave his family and Stratford at last very suddenly, and probably in the night time, for having been engaged in poaching and deer killing on the estate of one Sir Thomas Lucy, a great man in those parts, who became very much enraged against him. He went up to London, and became a writer of plays and an actor at the Globe Theatre. This was in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or "good Queen Bess," as she was called. She

was a good sovereign on many accounts, but a hard-hearted, vain, and passionate woman. She loved to be feared, honored, and obeyed; but, better still, she loved to be flattered. When she was young she was rather fine looking, and used to spend many hours at the mirror adorning and admiring herself; but, as she grew old, she grew excessively ugly, till at last she took a vow never to look in a glass again. After that, some of her maids, who had a spite against her, were mischievous enough to dress her hair in ridiculous ways, and put the paint on her cheeks in streaks and spots; so that she often was a hideous object when she believed herself looking charmingly.

This Queen was fond of the theatre, and admired William Shakspeare's plays. She sometimes set him subjects. He wrote one of his best plays for her, and paid her several beautiful compliments. After the Queen had smiled on him, all the noble ladies and gentlemen suddenly found out that he was a great wit and genius, and every body paid court to him. But the royal favor never came to any thing more than words. Her majesty never gave him titles, cas-

tles, or estates; and I don't suppose it ever entered into her head to make him one of her councillors. But perhaps it was as well for him; for that was not altogether an agreeable or comfortable office, the Queen being in the habit of storming furiously at her ministers when they ventured to differ from her — sometimes jumping up and soundly boxing their ears.

It is not now known just what kind of a life William Shakspeare led in London. His friend Ben Jonson, a writer, praises him very much, and, as we can find no bad account of him, we may safely conclude that he was not a bad man. You know there are always plenty of people in the world who are more ready to speak their minds about their neighbors' faults than to correct their own; so, if the poet had been very immoral, it would surely have come down to us in some way.

The great Elizabeth died a miserable old woman at last — left a thousand magnificent dresses in her wardrobe, and not a friend to weep over her grave; *for she had never loved any one half so well as she loved herself.*

Soon after King James VI., of Scotland, came

to the throne, William Shakspeare left London and the theatre, and, with a little fortune that he had made by his writings, went down to Stratford, where he bought a place not far from the old house, and lived very comfortably with his family.

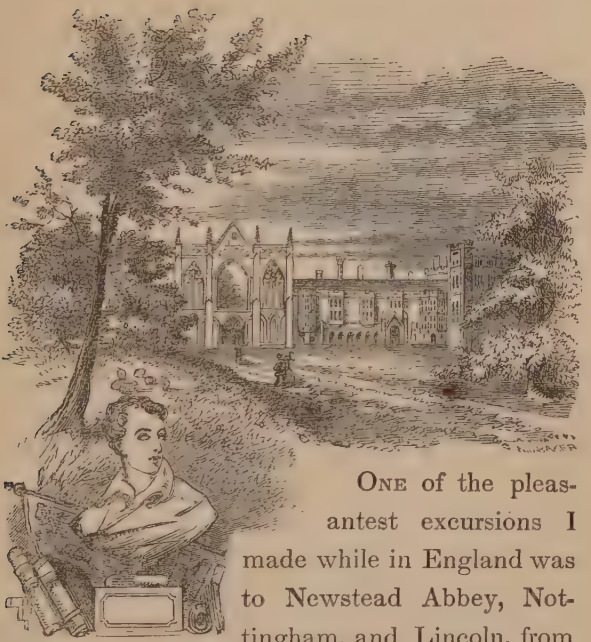
The neighbors said that he had turned out better than they expected, but that he was still far from equal to his father, honest John Shakspeare, the wool-dealer. He was never a great man to them. Neighbors are always the last people in the world to see a man's greatness. They never made a magistrate of him in Stratford; and he died as he had lived — simple Will. Shakspeare.

But since that time his fame has filled the world, until it is every where allowed that he is the greatest poet that ever existed. There is no book of poetry that has ever been written that contains so many wise, and beautiful, and wonderful things as the works of Shakspeare, as you will find when you are old enough to read them for yourselves. When that time comes, let me advise you to be sure and get an edition *without*

any notes. There are some passages in Shaks peare of which it is difficult to understand the meaning; and if you read the notes you are sure never to get to the bottom of it, they make the matter so much worse.

Newstead Abbey.

BYRON.



One of the pleasantest excursions I made while in England was to Newstead Abbey, Nottingham, and Lincoln, from Birmingham, where I was visiting.

Newstead Abbey, once the home of the celebrated Lord Byron, was founded by Henry II. Its monks were of the order of St. Augustine, very rich and learned men, high in the favor of

the king. This abbey stands in the most beautiful part of Nottinghamshire, in the very heart of old Sherwood Forest. It is a noble building, though now partly in ruins. It is in the midst of a fine park, and is surrounded by noble trees, among which are some yews full seven hundred years old. There is a lovely lake in front of the abbey, a stream and waterfall, and back of it gardens, fountains, walks, long shady avenues, fish-ponds, and almost every out-door luxury you can imagine. Ah, they understood how to enjoy the good things of this life, those same holy old monks. At the reformation, the abbey and lands of Newstead were taken from the Roman church and given to one Sir John Byron, a favorite of the king; and in the Byron family they remained until the late Lord Byron sold them to his friend Colonel Wildman. But, though it is now repaired and splendidly fitted up as a gentleman's residence, Newstead Abbey would be a place of little interest if it were not for the memory of the great poet who once owned it.

The works of Lord Byron — some of which, I am sorry to say, are not so good as they should be — you will not read for years to come; but

I think it is well you should know something of the poet himself, that you may be better able to judge of any of his writings which may accidentally fall into your hands; and so I will tell you

THE STORY OF LORD BYRON.

George Gordon Byron was born in London January 22, 1788. His father was Captain Byron, and his mother Catharine Gordon, of Gight. When George was about two years old his parents removed to Aberdeen, in Scotland. Captain Byron and his wife were unfortunately not well suited to one another. They found that they did not agree living together, and so agreed to live apart. Yet they were not on very bad terms with each other, but polite and even neighborly, Captain Byron often dropping in to take a cup of tea with his wife and little son in a friendly way. Such a state of things would seem rather strange to us; but people in high life have many ways which we common folks find it hard to understand.

Mrs. Byron was a woman of most violent

temper, and, though a foolishly fond mother, often harsh and impatient with her son, who was a passionate, high-spirited boy. She used to fly into a terrible fit of anger and storm away at him whenever he did any thing wrong; and this would rouse his pride and resentment. So there were sometimes frightful scenes between these two, who, after all, loved each other very dearly.

George was, from his birth, lame from having one of his feet deformed, and through all his boyhood suffered a great deal from the efforts made by the surgeons to put this foot into shape; but he is said to have borne his pain with the utmost courage and patience. He had a nurse, a very good young woman, named May Gray, of whom he was very fond, and who used always to dress his foot for him when the doctor did not. After putting on the machines and bandages at night, May would sit down beside his bed and sing to him sweetly and soothingly, and tell him stories and legends, or teach him to repeat holy Psalms. In this way he learned a great deal of the Bible. When at last he had fallen asleep, she would bend over his pillow

and gaze on him as he lay with one delicate hand under his flushed cheek — on his full, fair brow, and clustering curls, and long, dark eyelashes, and proud, sweet lips; for George was a very beautiful boy; and she would grieve that her darling little master must suffer so much pain and mortification from his deformed foot, till the tears would drop from her eyes down on to his face, and he would stir uneasily in his sleep. Then she would go away softly and leave him to his rest. Then, perhaps, Mrs. Byron would come in to see him as he lay in his little crib; and, though she may have beaten him violently only an hour or two before, she would now, looking at his noble head, and not seeing his poor foot, feel such pride in his beauty that she would fall to kissing and fondling him till she got him wide awake, and poor May's work had all to be done over again.

When I was at Newstead I heard a funny anecdote of little Byron and his nurse which may amuse you.

When his foot was very bad she was in the habit of carrying him about the house and garden on her back. One day he wished her to

take him with her to an out-house where hens and pheasants were kept. He had on a fine velvet suit, and it rained; but he insisted that he *would* see his "pretty pheasants;" so May hoisted him on her shoulders and trotted off. Just inside the door of this out-house there stood a bin full of the feathers of hens, ducks, turkeys, and pheasants; and it happened that May, in her hurry to get in out of the rain, stumbled, and pitched her little master right over her head into this bin. Down, down he sunk, kicking and choking; and when his nurse pulled him out he looked so funny, with his wet, velvet clothes and his curly head stuck all over with down and feathers, that she broke into a merry fit of laughter. This threw George into such a terrific passion that he flew at her and fought like a little cock-sparrow.

For several years George attended a grammar school in Aberdeen, kept by one Master Bowers. His schoolmates say of him that he was "a lively, warm-hearted, and spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable — to a remarkable degree fearless and venturous, and always more ready to give than to take a blow."

We have seen that his unworthy father took no care of him in his education and training; he was never taught by his mother to control his temper or curb his pride; he had little help from any body in cultivating what was good and putting down what was bad in his character; so we must not blame him too harshly because he was a wilful, wayward, and passionate boy.

Though quick at the studies that suited his taste, George was not, in general, a forward and ambitious scholar; indeed, he was nearly always at the foot of his class; but at this school it was the custom to alter the order of the classes once in a while, so that the highest and lowest boys would change places. When this happened the young poet would find himself at the head; and then his master would laugh, and say, slyly, "Now, Georgie, my man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again."

From Aberdeen George was removed by his mother into the Highlands for the good of his health, which was very delicate after an attack of scarlet fever. Here he learned to love mountains, waterfalls, dark glens, and the wild sea shore. He would often wander off by himself,

and sometimes get lost in the high heather or stuck fast in a morass.

In his eleventh year George Byron's grand-uncle died, and he became Lord Byron, of Newstead and Rochdale, in Lancashire. This was a great change for the little lad — a greater change than you, dear children, can understand in this republican country of ours, where we have no grand titles of this sort, where we don't want them, — at least we say so, — and where it is certain we can't get them. When first his name was read aloud in school as "*Lord* Byron," and he saw all his schoolfellows, with whom he had so often frolicked and fought, open their eyes wide, and look at him so still, and respectful, and almost frightened, he turned pale and red, and then burst into tears. In play-hours the boys were so distant and deferential, or made fun of him so maliciously, that he had little pleasure in his new title ; and when he went home he ran up to his mother and asked her if she saw any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he didn't see any himself.

It was in the joyous summer time that the young lord left Scotland, with his mother and

nurse May, to take possession of the family estate of Newstead. In this journey they passed beautiful Loch Leven, much fine scenery, and many noble country seats; but the thoughts of little George were filled with glowing anticipations of the grand old house to which he was going. When they reached the Newstead toll-bar, and saw the wide grounds and rich woods of the abbey stretching out before them, Mrs. Byron pretended not to know where they were, but said to the woman of the toll-house, —

"Pray, who owns this fine place?"

"Why, my lady, it belonged to old Lord Byron, who died some months ago."

"And who is the next heir?" asked the mother.

"They say," the woman answered, "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."

"And this is he, bless him!" cried out May Gray, who could not restrain her delight any longer, but turned and kissed the young lord at her side with tears of joy in her eyes. Byron returned the kiss in a proud, patronizing way he had lately assumed, but with a curl of his red,

handsome lip that seemed to say, "What silly creatures these women are!"

At Newstead George remained, enjoying the grandeur of having a neglected estate and a dilapidated old abbey of his own, and hearing himself "My lord-ed" from morning to night till he got used to it; for people will get used to any great honor at last. You know we sometimes see, in our own country, captains, colonels, and even generals, who after a while take their titles so easily one would scarcely know them from common men except on muster days.

Here, for some time, poor Byron suffered more cruelly than ever with his foot; here his genius first broke out into rhyme. I am very sorry to be obliged to record that his first poem was a naughty epigram on an old lady who, while on a visit to his mother, had made some remark that offended his little lordship; but he seems to have been contented with this, and to have strung no more rhymes for several years.

Byron had a half-sister, Augusta, of whom he was very fond always. She was his playmate at Newstead. I saw in the grounds an elm tree

in the bark of which he once carved her name with his own. Some of the letters yet remain.

After a year or two the Byrons left Newstead for London, where the young lord was placed at his studies under a tutor. His dear nurse, May Gray, was then obliged to leave him and return to Scotland. She was grieved to go, and he was sad to part with her. He gave her his own watch, and a pretty, full-length miniature of himself, and never forgot her love and faithfulness.

From London Byron went to the great school at Harrow — a very beautiful place. Here, though he often showed himself proud and imperious, he was beloved and admired for what was true and noble in his character.

There was at this school a fine, clever boy, who was known as "little Bob Peel." One day it happened that one of the older boys, a stout, brutal fellow, undertook to make a "fag" — that is, a sort of school slave — of young Peel; but the little hero resisted with all his might. His tyrant, however, soon conquered, and then proceeded to beat him in a most cruel manner. In the midst of this, another boy, somewhat older than Peel, but too small to hope to master the

large boy, came running up, and, with tears in his eyes and cheeks hot with indignation, asked how many blows he meant to inflict.

"Why, what is that to you, you young rascal?" was the reply.

"Because, if you please," said the noble lad, "*I would take half!*"

This boy was afterwards the great Lord Byron; little Bob was the great Sir Robert Peel; but the big bully who beat them nobody knows any thing about now.

From Harrow Byron went to Cambridge College.

Here he published his first volume of poems, which were not thought remarkably clever, even for a lord. Indeed, the critics came down upon them in a savage way, and thought, doubtless, that they had made an end of the poor young lordling. But no; their abuse only did him good and brought him out stronger than ever. He came down upon the critics in his turn bitterly and fiercely; and they soon found they had brought a hornet's nest about their ears when they thought they were only demolishing a twittering swallow's nest.

Byron spent some of his vacations at Newstead, which, though in an almost ruined condition, he always loved. He had here a faithful servant, "old Joe Murray," of whom he was very fond, and a noble Newfoundland dog, named Boatswain, who was his favorite pet and playfellow. This dog was seized with madness, and, after a great deal of suffering, which he bore gently and patiently, died, much to the grief of his master, who mourned for him as for a dear friend, and erected over his grave a beautiful marble monument, which is standing to this day. It is related that, during the dreadful last illness of poor Boatswain, Byron would sit by him in his paroxysms and tenderly wipe the foam from his mouth.

After leaving college, Byron took his seat as a peer of England in the House of Lords. Then he went into London society, and became, I am sorry to say, a very wild and extravagant young man. But he grew more and more famous, till all the world did all in their power to spoil him with deference and flattery. He was especially praised and petted by the ladies, who declared that he was the handsomest, wittiest, and most

interesting young lord that ever was seen. Men were not so enthusiastic as all this; they sometimes called him a coxcomb, and did not account him so very handsome or so wonderfully clever after all.

Lord Byron next travelled on the continent of Europe a year or two, and wrote the first part of his great poem, *Childe Harold*. Then he returned to England and married, but did not settle down quietly and contentedly as he should have done, but went on in his old, wild, reckless way, and got deeper and deeper into debt, till the friends of Lady Byron interfered, and she, with her infant daughter, little Ada, went away from her husband, never to return. Then, when he was most desolate and desperate, every body who had praised and flattered him when, perhaps, he was no better than now, broke out against him, and raised a perfect tempest of blame and hatred about his head. This is the way of the world, children, at least of the great fashionable world, every where. Byron's mother was now dead; his sister Augusta was married; his property was gone, for he was obliged to sell dear old Newstead; so he resolved to leave Eng-

land forever. He went down to Italy, where he spent several years, writing great poems, but living a most unhappy life. His troubles and misfortunes had hardened and imbittered his heart. He was sad and sometimes remorseful, but never humble and repentant. He tried to escape from the reproaches of his conscience in pleasure, adventure, and dissipation; and, because of the wrongs inflicted on him by a few, he tried to hate all the world; but he could not quite do this. There were times when the old love for his country, his boyhood's friends, his sister, his wife, and little daughter Ada broke out in sweet and sorrowful poetry, which one can hardly read without tears. Even when his life was most blamable he was often known to do things which showed what generous and noble impulses he had by nature. He was always kind and charitable to the poor, and, though far from rich, never refused to give to the truly needy and suffering.

It is recorded of him that once, when passing over the Alps on horseback, there came up a terrific thunder storm. In the midst of it he recollected that his guide was carrying for him

a sword-cane, and, fearing that the lightning might be attracted towards the poor Swiss lad by the steel, took it away from him and carried it himself.

But the last days of Lord Byron were the noblest. He went into Greece in the year 1823, and offered his services to the brave Greeks in their struggle with the Turks for freedom. They gratefully accepted his generous offer; but he never had the privilege of fighting and shedding his noble blood in their righteous cause. At Missolonghi he was taken ill of a fever, not very violently, however, and there seemed little danger at first; but he had not very skilful nursing or many comforts about him; and he had several physicians, who were never done with blood-letting; so it soon went hard with him, and after a few days all hope was given up. On the afternoon before he died, when he was very weak, he called his faithful servant Fletcher to him and gave him some last messages to his wife, and daughter, and sister, but in such an indistinct voice that poor Fletcher could only make out the names, "Lady Byron," "Ada," "Augusta." When, weeping, he told his master that he

had not understood any thing more, Byron seemed much distressed, and said, —

"What a pity! Then it is too late; all is over."

"I hope not," Fletcher answered; "but the Lord's will be done."

"Yes, not mine," said Byron, now subdued and humble as a little child.

About six o'clock in the evening, after suffering great pain in his head, he grew very quiet, and said, softly, "*Now I will go to sleep.*" And he did fall asleep, but never to wake again in this world.

Lord Byron's body was taken to England and buried in Hucknall Church, near Newstead. His sister Augusta placed over his grave a small and simple marble tablet, knowing that it was enough for so great a poet. Only people who do nothing to make a name for themselves while living need great monuments when they are dead.

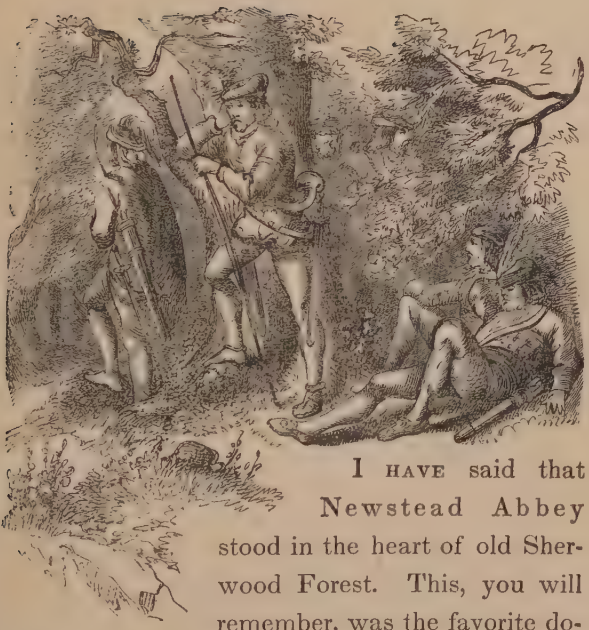
Within this year Ada Byron (Lady Lovelace) has been laid by the side of her father.

In judging of the character of Lord Byron, dear children, I trust that you will pity him, even while you condemn his faults; for the

erring are always the most unhappy. Remember that he had great and peculiar temptations; that, when a child, much harm was done to him, both by too fond indulgence and too great severity; and that, as he grew older, he was followed and flattered as a handsome young nobleman and a brilliant genius, till it was a wonder his head was not completely turned. Remember that he had no kind, wise father, and no gentle, religious mother, to teach him the right, to pray for him and with him and help him to be good; and, while you are sorrowful for him that he so often went astray and made a wrong use of his beautiful talent, for your own happier condition, shielded from the temptations of the great world, rank, and flattery, and pleasure, — for your own greater blessings in pleasant, peaceful homes, and the love and watchful care of kind parents, — thank God morning and night.

Sherwood Forest.

ROBIN HOOD.



I HAVE said that Newstead Abbey stood in the heart of old Sherwood Forest. This, you will remember, was the favorite domain of that prince of outlaws — bold Robin Hood. There is little forest-land about there now, — none, indeed, that we should so call, — all the woods being enclosed in parks, and as carefully kept as gardens. But, as I journeyed

through the country, my thoughts so went back to the old, old time that I almost expected, whenever we passed a grove of trees or a shadowy glen, to be suddenly surrounded by Robin Hood's merry men, armed with long bows and clad in Lincoln-green, or to see Robin Hood himself standing under an oak, sounding his silver bugle, till the old woods rang to the brave blast and echo answered far adown the glen.

You have all doubtless read many stories of Robin Hood; but, if you will listen to mine, I hope I shall be able to tell you some things that you have never heard before.

Robert Fitzooth, Earl of Huntingdon, was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160, in the reign of Henry II. He was left an orphan in his childhood, and placed under the guardianship of his uncle, the Abbot of St. Mary's, in York. This priest professed to be a just and holy man; but, as it often is when people make great pretensions to piety, he was far enough the other way. In those days priests were greatly feared and honored, and could do pretty much as they pleased. So the Abbot of

St. Mary's, who was a hard, avaricious man, found no difficulty in taking advantage of the young Earl Robert. By such wily, wicked ways as only bad priests know he took possession of all his nephew's estates and revenues one after another, pretending that he only meant to take care of them, lest Robert, whom he accused of being a wild lad, should squander them in dissipation. Robert bore this for a while, and tried hard to keep on peaceable terms with his uncle; but the old man was very provoking. He would sit in the refectory of the splendid abbey, at a dinner table loaded with every luxury in the way of food, served on massive gold and silver plate, and with half a dozen bottles of good old wine before him, and then lecture poor Robert upon temperance, self-denial, and sober, godly living, till Robert would smile grimly, and play with the hilt of his dagger in a way that the venerable abbot did not like.

When the Earl of Huntingdon came of age there was not a handsomer or more gallant young man among all the nobility and yeomanry of England. He was tall, straight, and athletic, with a quick, bounding step, and a

brave, broad breast. He had a commanding but pleasant voice, a hearty smile, clear, honest eyes, ruddy cheeks and lips; and his head, which he held rather haughtily, was crowned with clustering light-brown curls. Though belonging to a proud, aristocratic family, — who, in tracing their noble pedigree, could go back, back, till, for all I know, they lost themselves and their reckoning in the fogs of the first morning after the deluge, — Robert was not an aristocrat. He sympathized with the common people, in that day shamefully imposed upon, taxed, and tyrannized over by the bold barons and hard-hearted priests. He joined in all their merry-makings, their manly and warlike exercises. He became so skilful with his bow that it is said he frequently sent an arrow the distance of a mile. From among his friends he selected four comrades, who were always true to him — John Nailor, whom he nicknamed "Little John," George-a-Green, Muck, a miller's son, and a jolly friar called Tuck, the only priest Robert could ever abide.

One day a small sprig of the nobility, one Sir Roger, of Doncaster, saw him mingling with the honest yeomen in their sports, and sneered at his

vulgar tastes. Robert replied by challenging him to a shooting match. Sir Roger's arrow missed the target altogether, and stuck fast in the trunk of a tree some distance farther on. Robert took aim at this shaft, and split it clean up the middle. Then all the yeomen shouted and laughed; and Sir Roger was so enraged that he was foolish enough to accept a second challenge to a wrestling match, in which Earl Robert threw him so often that he never felt fairly on his legs, but seemed always to be bumping against the ground. At last his senses were quite bumped out of him, and he lay stiff and still. Earl Robert revived him and helped him up; but he was mortified and sullen, and ever after had a mean, bitter spite against his brave conqueror.

It was not long after Robert came of age before he was quite convinced that it was vain to hope to get his property out of the close clutch of his reverend relative. There was no use in his appealing to the king. Henry II. was now dead, and Richard I., called "the lion-hearted," had ascended the throne. But in a short time, thinking he had a call to go on a crusade to the

Holy Land to fight the Saracens, he left the government to the care of Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who was soon supplanted by a bolder and stronger man — Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of England, who usurped all the power and dignity of a monarch, and taxed and tyrannized to his bad heart's content.

So, getting desperate, Earl Robert called together the bravest of his friends, threw up his title, assumed the name of Robin Hood, and took to the forest, where he led from that time a daring and dangerous, but an independent and merry life. I know it is quite too late to think of making my hero out a good, honest man, though Mr. Abbott has done wonders in that way for Bonaparte; for long, long ago it got noised about that Robin Hood was a robber and outlaw. But in those old days, when kings robbed, and barons robbed, and priests robbed worse than all, the thieving business was a good deal more respectable than it is now; and the only difference between Robin Hood and those others was, that he took only from the rich and powerful, while they robbed the poor and defenceless.

The brave outlaw was joined by the best archers in the country, to the number of a hundred stout men and bold. These he clad all in Lincoln-green — a dress which made it hard to distinguish them at a little distance from the forest foliage amid which they lurked. When any one of these men was killed or took the strange notion to return to his friends and turn honest man again, Robin Hood would set out on a recruiting expedition. Wherever he heard of a young man of uncommon strength and hardihood he would go, disguised, and try him in wrestling and archery; then, if satisfied, persuade the yeoman to enlist. This was most often easily done; for those were hard times for the people, and Robin Hood had a flattering tongue. So he kept himself in his hundred archers, and with them haunted the merry greenwood — Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, Plompton Park, in Cumberland, and Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. Past or through those forests ran the king's highways, whereon traders, nobles, and priests were obliged to travel; but, after Robin Hood became sovereign of them, few journeys could be safely made in their vicinity.

Sometimes, just when travellers began to breathe freely and speak above a whisper, thinking themselves out of danger, Robin was down upon them, and they were obliged to come down with their money or stand as targets for his archers. Knowing that it was not good for holy men to be cumbered with too much worldly wealth, he always made free with the purses of rich priests. The old Abbot of St. Mary's himself, who once ventured to pass through Sherwood with a rich store of gold and silver, guarded by two hundred men, fell into his hands. After helping himself to the old miser's money, which was rightly his own, he set his lordship on his horse, with his face towards the tail, and so sent him off towards York, fretting and fuming, and (some of Robin's men said) swearing; but that could hardly have been. The money so wrested from rich monks and arrogant barons Robin Hood constantly shared with the poor, and so filled many a sad home with mirth and comfort, and made glad and grateful the hearts of the widow and the fatherless. He was always tender and kind to women and children. Noble ladies, with retinues and treasures, could pass in

safety through his forests. One time a young dandy nobleman, meaning to take advantage of the generous outlaw's gallantry, undertook to pass through Sherwood, leading a train, in the disguise of a lady; but at the first sight of a band of archers he showed himself so much more of a coward than a woman that Little John suspected him, tore off his veil, and hood, and velvet mantle, and made him pay dearly for the insult he had put upon womankind.

Of the thousand and one adventures related of Robin Hood I have only room in this short history for two; the first showing how he made a friend — the second how he won a wife.

One morning, near Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood met a young man walking slowly, drooping his head and sighing deeply; and he thought to himself, "This poor fellow must be melancholy mad or in love; in either case he is to be pitied." So he kindly questioned the youth, who proved to be a yeoman by the name of Will. Scarlocke. He trusted Robin Hood from the first, and told him that he was grieving because a fair maiden whom he loved, and who loved him, was that day to be married by her friends to

a rich old man whom she detested. Robin Hood inquired the time and place of the wedding; then, telling Will. to keep up a good heart, bounded off into the forest.

About noon there was a great ringing of bells at the church; then came the wedding party and their friends. The bridegroom looked very proud and pompous in his gold-laced, velvet doublet and white silk hose; but he was wheezy and hard of hearing, and so gouty that he had a little page to lift his feet, first one, then the other, up the altar-steps. The bride wept and looked wistfully round for her lover, who was hid behind a pillar, waiting for Robin Hood. The ceremony began, and Will. was getting desperate, when a tall man, in the dress of a beggar, standing near the altar, drew a silver horn from beneath his mantle and blew a startling blast. Instantly fifty men in Lincoln-green burst into the church and dispersed the bridal party, all but the now happy bride and the frightened priest, whom Robin Hood commanded to marry the faithful pair at once. It was done; and ever after Will. Scarlocke was the fast friend of Robin Hood.

One day, in pursuing a deer, Robin Hood was

led into the park of the Earl of Fitzwater. There he suddenly heard voices and the trampling of horses, and soon saw a mail-clad knight, followed by six men-at-arms, and leading by the bridle a palfrey, on which sat a lovely lady, weeping and wringing her hands. This maiden Robin Hood recognized at once as the young Lady Matilda, only daughter of the Earl of Fitzwater. Though quite alone, he did not hesitate, but sprang forward before the party, crying, —

"Hold, thou false knight! I command thee to let that noble lady go free!"

"Stand off, thou unmannerly churl, or I will cleave thy skull with my broadsword! Know thou that I am John, thy prince."

"And know thou," replied the outlaw, "that I am Robin Hood, King of Sherwood Forest."

At these words all six of the men-at-arms put spurs to their horses and fled; and the prince was glad to follow, scowling and cursing as he went. Then Lady Matilda, who seems to have been rather a romantic young woman, fainted, and fell into Robin Hood's arms; and he, not knowing exactly what to do for a lady in such a case, carried her to a brook, and was about to dip her

head in the water, when she suddenly came to herself. She then related to her preserver how that bad prince, whom she hated with all her might, had long been urging her to go with him to his wicked court, and how that afternoon, while she was walking in the park, he had surprised and carried her off. She told this story reclining on a mossy bank, with Robin Hood sitting at her feet, looking up into her face. She finished her story; yet still Robin Hood sat at her feet, looking up into her face. At last the twilight shadows began to fall; then he sighed, and said,—

"It is getting late, my lady; shall I conduct you home?"

But the Lady Matilda bent towards him, blushing and speaking very softly, and said,—

"You have saved me from shame and sorrow, henceforth I belong to you."

Robin Hood started up gladly, then sunk back sadder than before, and said,—

"No, lady, no; you have been too delicately reared for an outlaw's wife."

He then told her that though she might not dislike his forest life in the warm summer-time,

yet when the fall rains and winter frosts came she would find the cave in which he lived dark and chill, and would sigh for her father's comfortable castle-halls.

But Lady Matilda was strong and healthful, and had little fear of colds or rheumatisms. She thought Robin Hood excessively handsome, and fancied that he would be the best protector against that naughty prince she could have. So she looked into his face with her beautiful, blue, beseeching eyes till he could resist her no longer, but lifted her on to her palfrey, and walked by her side towards Sherwood Forest, talking to her, holding her hand, and loving her better and better every step. They were married at the camp by jolly Friar Tuck, and had a merry wedding-feast. The next day Robin Hood and his wife, who had taken the name of Marian, sent a messenger to the Earl of Fitzwater, telling him how they were married, and asking if he had any objections. He sent back word that he disowned his daughter, and never would forgive her, and made some rather unhandsome remarks upon the character of his son-in-law, which roused Marian's spirit. But the old Earl missed

his only child, and was so lonely in his grand castle that at last it seemed to him he *must* see her, or he should die. So he disguised himself as a mendicant minstrel and went to Robin Hood's camp. He was kindly received, and feasted with good game and excellent wine. After dinner Robin Hood flung himself down on a bank of wild violets for a nap, and Marian began scattering daisies over him. The Earl watched them in their happiness, and thought of his own loneliness till he could stand it no longer, but bowed his head in his hands and burst into tears. Marian knew that sob; she had heard it once before, when her mother died. She dropped her flowers, ran to her father, flung her arms round his neck, and wept with him. Robin Hood sprang up and joined them, and all was made up among the three. Earl Fitzwater became quite fond of his son-in-law, though he often warned him that he would come to the gallows if he did not mend his ways. But Robin Hood never changed for the better or worse. He continued to take from the rich and give to the poor — to play tricks and seek adventures in disguise — to fight the troops of the

king and the sheriff of Nottingham — to hate and make war on all priests to the last. He lived to be an old man, loved by the poor, feared and hated by the rich.

At length he fell ill of a lingering fever, and, unluckily, went for help to his aunt, Elizabeth de Staynton, Prioress of Kirklees Nunnery, in Yorkshire — a woman who had great skill in medicine. His old enemy, Sir Roger, of Doncaster, hearing of this, went to her, and, telling her she had in her power a great enemy of the church, urged her on to a dark and cruel deed. The Prioress went alone to Robin Hood as he lay tossing and gasping with his fever, and, pretending great kindness, said she must bleed him. He stretched out his arm, and she opened a large vein. The blood spouted out fiercely at first, and ran for a long time full and fast.

"Haven't you taken enough?" asked Robin Hood again and again, his voice growing weaker and weaker; but the stern old woman always answered, "No." Then he sunk back on his pillow and fainted. Still the Prioress stood and looked on him with a cold, stony face, and still he

bled and bled, till the couch on which he lay was all afloat with his blood. At last his white lips moved, and he murmured one word that touched the cruel heart of the Prioress. It was the name of his mother — *her own sister*. She sprang forward to bind up the arm and stop the bleeding, but too late. Robin Hood was dead.

THE LADY MILDRED — A LEGEND OF ROBIN HOOD.

There is a legend of Robin Hood never yet told in this country, which I think explains better than any other his leading such a wild, unlawful life.

When the young Earl of Huntingdon was ward of the Abbot of St. Mary's he went often to the Nunnery of Kirklees, under pretence of paying his respects to his aunt, Elizabeth de Staynton, the Prioress, but really to see a lovely little girl whom she had under her care. This was his cousin, the Lady Mildred de Clare, who, like him, was an orphan. Lord Kyme, her father, a gallant soldier, had been killed in

battle; and his wife, who loved him more dearly than life, than the world and every body in it, mourned and wept herself away. Even when her little daughter nestled warmest against her bosom and wound her soft arms closest about her neck, she would long to be lying beside him under the lonely battle-ground, with her head on his cold, dead heart.

Lady Kyme always loved Robert Fitzooth, her favorite sister's son; and one day when, as the children were playing on the walls of her husband's castle, the little Mildred fell into the moat, and Robert saved her life at the risk of his own, she made a solemn engagement with his mother that, when Robert should have grown to be a man and Mildred a young woman, they should be married; for so, she said, two loving hearts, two noble titles, and two fine estates would be united.

From this time the shy and tender Mildred looked up to her brave cousin as her future lord and husband; while Robert began to call her his "little wife," and was very loving and condescending towards her. She had a *boudoir* of her own, where she used to play housekeeping,

and he would come to see her. Sometimes he would pretend he was just returned from the chase, and would stride in, blowing a little bugle, and carrying an old deerskin, with the horns on, and half a dozen grouse or pheasants, borrowed from the larder. These he would fling at Mildred's feet, saying, —

"See, my fair lady, what trophies your noble lord brings from the chase! Killed them all myself with one arrow."

Sometimes he would come as from the wars, armed with rusty old pieces of mail and weapons taken from the armory — a helmet so big that he was obliged to stuff his jerkin (a sort of jacket) into it to keep it from shutting down quite over his face; a ragged corselet of chain armor, which came to his knees; a lance, with the point broken; a long sword, which dragged behind him; and a pair of big boots of mail, with spurs. He would look proud and warlike as he kissed Mildred's hand; but he would beg her not to embrace him, as he had no less than a score of wounds on his breast, and some of them were a little sore. If she asked him to take a seat, he would say, "No, I thank you; I have several other battles

to fight to-day;" but the fact was, his boots came up so high and his corselet hung so low he couldn't sit down to save him. Sometimes he would come in morning-gown and slippers, and, with a grand, indifferent air, lounge on a couch, play with his dog, and take no notice of his poor little wife, till she would begin to cry, and ask him what she had done to make him stop loving her, or do a wiser thing — go and get him something nice to eat; when he was sure to grow good humored and soon tease her for more.

But these happy, childish days passed by; the cousins became orphans at nearly the same time, and, as we have seen, each was placed under the care of a hard-hearted relative. But, though they had many trials and discouragements, they kept on loving each other truly year after year, till Robert was a brave young man and Mildred a beautiful young woman. Robert could not often see his betrothed except in the presence of his stern aunt the Prioress, and could only talk to her through a screen of lattice-work. But sometimes the Prioress permitted a certain old nun to go with Mildred to meet her cousin. This Sister Agatha was a good, compassionate woman.

She remembered that she was once young, and how she loved a brave soldier who fell in battle. She still wore a lock of his hair, and a piece of his scarf, with a dark-red stain upon it, next her poor old heart. So she felt for Robert and Mildred, and would leave them alone, and kneel in the next room to pray for them, while they talked in low, loving tones, and smiled over pleasant plans, but oftener wept sad tears on each other's hands, held through the lattice. Here Robert would lighten his heart of its load of care and grief, and pour out his impatience and indignation against his hypocritical uncle; while Mildred would, grieving, tell how every day the Prioress warned her against him as a wild, reckless, priest-distrusting, and therefore godless young man. The Prioress was a bigot, and really thought she was doing right in hating and opposing her nephew because he was not religious in her particular way. I am sadly afraid there are some people very like her in this respect now-a-days. But the Abbot had his own reasons for setting himself against this marriage. Lady Mildred had a large fortune, which he had not been able to obtain possession of. If Earl

Robert married her this would be his, and with it he might get back his own; for in those wicked days kings could be bribed and priests could be bribed; and lawyers were not much better; they could be bribed too. I am not sure but that we have a few of the same sort in our time.

So the Abbot set himself to work, and with the Prioress and Robert's enemy, Sir Roger of Doncaster, concocted a fine plot. The Abbot suddenly pretended friendliness, and proposed to his nephew to go to Nottingham Castle, with a fine escort and outfit, and join Prince John's guard. Noble hearts are the last to suspect treachery. Robert believed his uncle, went to court, and, as he bore a sealed letter from the Abbot, was graciously received by the Prince. Lady Mildred grieved at his going, and, being very modest, feared he would forget her when he came to see the gay and grand ladies of the court. And her fears seemed well founded; for weeks and months passed without bringing her one word from Robert: then came a short, cold letter, telling her she must give up all thought of him as her husband, for he was about to marry one of Queen Elinor's maids of honor. Poor

Mildred at first cried day and night; then she grew restless, and walked about as if she were in a dream, and didn't see any body or any thing; then she became calm and haughty, and smiled sometimes, a chill sort of a smile, and spoke in a strange, hard tone, as though all the sweetness had been drained out of her voice in tears. Then the Abbot and Prioress began to urge her to marry Sir Roger, of Doncaster; and, as she didn't care what became of her now, she consented.

Earl Robert's faithful friend, Little John, having heard that this wedding was to be, went in great haste to Nottingham, to Earl Robert, who was true to his love, who had written to her many letters, which the Prioress had pocketed, and which the Abbot had used in imitating the hand-writing when he forged the one that did the mischief at last.

When Earl Robert heard Little John's news he set off at once for Yorkshire, never waiting for the Prince's leave. He rode day and night; but he reached Kirklees Nunnery an hour too late. The wedding was over, and Mildred, his dear "little wife," was lost to him forever.

When Lady Doncaster heard that her cousin Robert had been constant, and that in his anger and despair he had taken to the forests and become an outlaw, when she found her husband to be a cowardly, dishonorable man, she prayed that she might die. But after a while God consoled her with the gift of a noble little boy, who from the first was like her, and unlike his father. In loving and caring for this son, Lady Mildred found her only happiness. Sir Roger was proud of his handsome heir, but never was fond of him; for, when he said or did a mean thing, he could not bear the still scorn in the child's eyes and the disdainful quiver of his lip.

The castle of Sir Roger was near Barnsdale, one of Robin Hood's forests; and, when the free-booting chief was there, Sir Roger never dared to journey or hunt with ever so large a train without his wife to protect him. He kept his son also very close; for he suspected him of having an admiration for the character, if not a taste for the life, of Robin Hood.

But one morning, when Hubert was about twelve years old, he managed to escape from the castle, and stole off into the greenwood. That

day and night passed; yet he did not return. Sir Roger, after making all the search he dared, became convinced that the lad had fallen into Robin Hood's hands, and groaned with the fear that they should never see him alive. But Lady Mildred said, calmly, "If Hubert is with *him*, Sir Roger, he is safe. Robert Fitzooth would never harm my — our child."

They sent a herald to Robin Hood's camp to ransom and bring back the lad; but the herald returned alone, saying that Hubert was at the camp, but Robin Hood refused to receive the ransom. Then Sir Roger's fright and rage increased; but Lady Mildred smiled her sad, quiet smile, and looked out towards the forest. Suddenly there emerged from the wood Robin Hood and his favorite comrades, mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds and followed by fifty archers. They paused on a little hill, about a bow-shot from the castle, and drew together as if consulting. Then Sir Roger, growing very pale, cried, "The villain outlaw means to murder our boy before our eyes!" But Lady Mildred still smiled her sad, quiet smile. Then the group of horsemen parted, and from between Robin Hood

and Little John came young Hubert, riding a beautiful pony, as black as night and as fleet as the wind. Down the hill he dashed, over the meadow! The warder hurried to let down the drawbridge and raise the portcullis; and he came galloping through, reined up in the court, and flung himself, laughing, into his mother's arms!

That night, in the great supper-hall of the castle, Hubert told his adventures and praised Robin Hood till his father frowned and bade him "cease his chattering." But after supper his mother called him to her chamber and questioned him about his night in the forest. He said that soon after he reached the wood he met an archer, and boldly told him that he wanted to see Robin Hood. The archer, who was a good-natured fellow, conducted him to the camp and introduced him to his chief as the son of Sir Roger, of Doncaster. Robin Hood started and frowned at first, he said; then took him by the arm and looked long and earnestly in his face and sighed. Here Lady Mildred sighed too.

But after that Robin Hood was very kind to his young guest, gave him the place of honor by his side at supper, and made the men sing, and

wrestle, and shoot with the long-bow for his amusement. "And at night," said Hubert, "he himself arranged my bed of moss and leaves and spread over me his own mantle, and then sat down by my side and talked to me of you, mother." Here Lady Mildred sighed again.

"He staid," continued Hubert, "talking with me softly in the moonlight, till a beautiful lady, whom he called Marian, came out of her tent, where she had been singing ballads all the evening to a little boy at her knee, and beckoned him away." Here Lady Mildred sighed deeper than before, and turned her face away from her son.

Hubert kept Robin Hood's gift many years, and sometimes rode on him to visit his outlawed friend. He grew up to be a brave and honest man, in spite of his weak, bad father, and won much honor in the service of Richard, the Lion-hearted.

So Lady Mildred, who lived to a good old age, was always happy in her noble son. As for Sir Roger, after having helped to bring about the death of bold Robin Hood, he was one day waylaid by Will. Scarlocke and Little John, who

robbed him of his money and his fine velvet doublet and tied him to a tree; and, though he was set free and sent home in the morning, he took such a fright and such a cold that he fell into a fever and died.

Nottingham Castle.

ALICE VANE.

NOTTINGHAM, though a flourishing manufacturing town, with many fine buildings, is not a place of much interest, aside from the site and a few remains of an old castle, which we read a great deal about in English history. A new castle was built out of the remains of the old in Queen Anne's time, which in turn has gone to decay, or rather was demolished about

twenty years ago by a mob, who were enraged against the owner, the Duke of Newcastle, for some political act.

Old Nottingham Castle, a famous stronghold of the early Kings of England, was built on a high rock, overlooking the beautiful vale of Belvoir, the hills of Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire wolds, and the silvery windings of the river Trent. At the base of the great rock glides the little river Leen.

Underneath the castle the rock is curiously perforated in every direction by winding passages and small caverns, some formed by Nature, but most, it is supposed, hewn out of the solid stone by an ancient heathen priesthood of Britain called Druids. They sacrificed human victims to their deity, and made use of these caves as vaults for dead bodies of those they had murdered in a pious way, or as prisons for such refractory men and women as objected to their particular part in the bloody religious ceremony: at least so we are told by antiquarians — a set of very wise men, who get together and form societies, and talk very learnedly over old stones and bones and rusty armor and musty books, and

know a great deal more about the people that lived hundreds of years ago than about their own brothers and sisters. They always seem to me a sort of human owl, they can look so far into the dark ages, and are so delightfully at home where every body else gets puzzled and lost.

King John, the bad brother of Richard the Lion-hearted, frequently held his court at Nottingham; and it was the chosen abode of the beautiful Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II. This Queen had a favorite, one Roger de Mortimer, of whom she was very fond, and, when her husband was deposed, made him Regent. Mortimer proved arrogant and tyrannical. The nobles and people hated him; and the young King, Edward III., hated him worse than all. So, by the advice of a Parliament, he resolved to make way with his mother's dangerous pet.

Through one of the underground passages of which I have spoken Edward entered the citadel and took Mortimer prisoner, in the very presence of the Queen, and in spite of her remonstrances and threats. Richard III., who should

have been called Richard the Tiger-hearted, so cruel and blood-thirsty was he, often held court at Nottingham. He went from here to Bosworth Field, where his ugly, deformed body was cut down in battle. The unfortunate Charles I., in his war with Oliver Cromwell and the Parliament, hoisted his banner on the highest turret of the castle, and with his own hand set up his royal standard on a hill near by. A great storm arose and blew it down that very night, which was taken by the superstitious people for a fearful omen; and when, a few years after, the poor King was brought to Nottingham Castle, on his way to Holmby, in Nottinghamshire, a powerless prisoner, every body said, "I told you so."

For several years during the period of the great civil war between the Royalists and Republicans, which took place more than two hundred years ago, one Colonel John Hutchinson was Governor of Nottingham Castle, holding it for Cromwell and the Parliament. It was a very important fortress; and the Royalists tried every means in their power to get possession of it. The Earl of Newcastle offered a bribe of ten

thousand pounds to Colonel Hutchinson to betray it into his hands; but the gallant colonel repelled the offer with manly indignation. If he had yielded to this temptation he would have been classed among traitors, and his name would have been dishonored forever, instead of coming down to us, as it has come, with a brave and honest sound.

In this war, the party under Cromwell, who were called Puritans and Roundheads, because of their being greatly given to praying and psalming and wearing their hair closely cropped, contended for civil and religious liberty and a republican form of government with the Royalists, who were mostly aristocrats, and who were called Cavaliers. After a great deal of hard fighting and hard praying, the Roundheads got the power into their hands. They put King Charles I. to death, which they had better not have done, and made Cromwell Lord Protector; or rather he made himself so; for he had a will and a genius for generalship and government which nothing could withstand.

But Cromwell died, and left no one great and powerful enough to succeed him. Then the Roy-

alists came pouring in from France and other countries whence they had fled or been banished, and brought with them Charles II., as profligate a Prince as ever lived, and set him on the throne, and things went on as bad as ever, till there came another revolution, and England got finally rid of the royal family of Stuart, and established a constitutional government, a strictly limited monarchy, better suited to a great and enlightened people. Charles I. was a handsome and elegant Prince, who suffered meekly all the insult and hard usage put upon him, and died like a man and a Christian at last. Though often false and weak, he was doubtless more to be pitied than blamed; for falsehood and weakness ran in the Stuart blood.

Cromwell was a rough, rude, brawny soldier, with a big nose, and an ugly wart on his forehead; but though not always just or true, though always ambitious, and sometimes unscrupulous, he taught the world a great new lesson — that kings have no "divine right" to tyrannize and break faith; and that they should be made to answer, not only to God, but to the people, for the way in which they govern.

The Cavaliers were gay and gallant gentlemen, who wore elegant dresses and long curls; loved good wine and beautiful ladies; sung merry songs in praise of their Prince and in ridicule of the Roundheads; danced well; fought well; and were altogether very fascinating fellows.

But, as a party, they despised the common people, scoffed at republican principles of freedom and justice, and even at religion.

The Roundheads were generally stern-featured, plainly clad men, who wore long faces, and spoke through their noses, in Scripture language, which particularly offended the Cavaliers, who held that to quote so much from a book of which they knew nothing was the height of ill-breeding. In truth, I do not suppose that these Roundheads were the pleasantest sort of people to meet at balls and merry-makings; but they were mostly earnest, honest, determined men, who fought for what they believed the right; and, though there were some precious rascals and hypocrites among them, there were others grandly good and true, — such as John Hampden, John Milton, Sir Harry Vane, Henry Marten, and Andrew Marvel, — whose memories are still and

ever shall be hated by tyrants and loved by the free, the wide world over. Amen.

ALICE VANE — A STORY OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

When Colonel Hutchinson went to take command of the fortress of Nottingham he took with him his young wife, a very clever and spirited woman, who afterwards wrote an interesting life of her husband, which you may read some day.

During the last year of her stay in the castle Mrs. Hutchinson had under her care a little orphan relative by the name of Alice Vane — a beautiful, dark-eyed, sad, and silent child.

Alice was but a babe, too young to grieve, when her gentle mother died; but within this year she had lost her father and her only brother, both of whom had been killed at the bloody battle of Naseby. She had dearly loved her noble father, who, stern as he was among men, was always mild and tender towards her; but she had utterly idolized her brave brother Walter, so beautiful, so young; for he was only seventeen the day of the battle in which he fell.

Alice grieved so bitterly for the loss of these dear ones that her health suffered. She grew very pale and thin; and, when she was brought to her aunt at Nottingham, it was said that she looked more like a sorrowful little spirit than like a flesh-and-blood child. She was a strange, shy, melancholy girl, who in the midst of her grief was seldom seen to weep, but always sought some lonely and silent place in which to indulge her sorrow. She was a true Puritan — plain in speech and manner, and though not stiff or stern, always brave and truthful in heart.

One day, soon after she came to Nottingham, she was allowed to descend with the warden into those curious caves and passages underneath the castle. These she explored with much interest, as she had an adventurous, inquiring spirit; and she fixed upon one little cave, feebly lit by a fissure in the rock, opening out to the day, for her own. She persuaded her kind friends to allow her to spend an hour or two every day here, taking with her some of her books and playthings.

She loved to escape to this quiet spot, from the sound of endless praying and psalm-singing

and religious discussions, which she could not understand, from the clang of muskets and the noise of rude soldiers, to read her little Bible, to repeat her hymns and the simple prayers her father had taught her, to think of him and her darling brother, and to weep for them, without being told that it was sinful rebellion against God to mourn for those He had taken to himself.

One sunny day, when the light in her cave was unusually clear, Alice noticed that the wall in one corner did not seem of solid rock, but formed of stones piled one upon another.

Little girls were as curious two hundred years ago as they are now-a-days. So Alice went to work at once, pulling and heaving with all her might; and at last the stones gave way, one after another, and she saw that they had hid a small, low passage, leading directly down to the river Leen.

All was dark at first; but after a moment there was a little gleaming of sunlight and green leaves at the farther end of the passage. This was charming, after being so long confined to the court-yard of a castle, to be able to sit under the shade of the thick shrubbery, on the banks of

that pretty stream, to gather flowers, and put her feet in the water, and remember pleasant old times. So she lost not a moment; but, gathering her frock about her, and crouching low, she groped her way carefully downward and stole out into the sunshine. She found the mouth of the passage completely hid on the outside by bushes, and that she, as she sat herself down on a bank, sweet with violets and bright with cowslips, could not be seen from the plain below or the castle above. As she sat there, listening to the birds, and wondering why it was that they never seemed to be singing solemn psalms through their noses like pious Puritans, never seemed to be preaching or rebuking, but always trying to cheer her heart with notes of joy and little melodious laughters, — so sweet, so tender, as though they were loving aloud, — her eye caught something gleaming through the foliage near by, which she took for a bunch of scarlet poppies. But, going nearer, she found that it was the end of a silken scarf; and, putting aside some bushes, she saw that this was a part of the dress of a young man, who was lying asleep close against the rock. He was a Cavalier. Alice knew it

at once by his rich velvet doublet, his plumed and jewelled hat, and his long curls. The scarlet scarf she had first noticed was bound about his right arm; and Alice now saw that it and the lace ruffles at his wrist were deeply stained with blood. He was a very handsome, gallant-looking young man, but so deathly pale, and with so much suffering in his face, that Alice pitied him; and, like the good, brave girl she was, she laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him gently, to waken him. He sprang up instantly and half drew his sword. Alice did not scream, scarcely moved, but said, very calmly, "It is only I, a little girl. What can I do for you, Sir Cavalier?"

The young man looked at her doubtfully at first and questioned her closely; but when he found that she was quite alone, and that she gave frank, straight-forward answers, he confided in her and begged her to help him. He was a nobleman, Lord Villiers, in the service of the King. He had been wounded the night before, in a skirmish near the castle, by a deep sword-cut in the arm, and stunned by a fall from his horse. His men, who were defeated, had left him for dead; but he had revived, and in the early morning had

dragged himself to this spot where he had hid, hoping to be able to escape that night to some place of safety. But now, he said, he found himself so weak from pain, loss of blood, and want of food, that he doubted whether he could walk at all. Alice advised him to yield himself up as a prisoner of war at the castle; but he swore an oath, that made her shudder, that he would sooner die where he was.

"Then," said she, quietly, "I must do my best to conceal you, and nurse and feed you, till you are well enough to go on your way. Trust in me, and follow me."

The Cavalier did as he was bid; but, before entering the narrow, dark passage, he held up the cross of his sword-handle and bade Alice swear she would not betray him into her uncle's hands. But the little lady put it away with a great deal of dignity, and said, "I have promised. We Republicans do not need oaths to hold us to our word."

Alice took back with her an armful of leafy branches, and, when they reached her little cave, spread them down for Lord Villiers to lie upon. She gave him for a pillow the cushion she had

used to kneel on in her devotions, and laid over him her own little mantle. She then stole up into the castle and got some refreshment for him and a roll of old linen to bandage his arm. This she dressed as well as she knew how; then smoothed his pillow, tucked her mantle closer about him, advised him to say his prayers like a good Christian, bade him good night, and left him to his rest.

Alice had watched her aunt nursing wounded soldiers; and the next morning, thinking it very probable that Lord Villiers's arm would be inflamed, she took down suitable medicines and dressings. She found her patient tossing and moaning with fever, and for two or three days he suffered a great deal; then she had the happiness to see him get better and stronger, till he began to talk and lay plans about leaving her. The young noble was gentle and grateful, and Alice grew really fond of him, though it grieved her that he was a Papist and a Royalist. He was very familiar and confiding with his little friend, and told her of his beautiful sister, who was a great Duchess, and showed her a miniature, which he wore next his heart, of a still lovelier and

dearer lady; and Alice one day told him her sad story, in a low, mournful voice, struggling hard to keep the tears back, while her friend laid his hand on her head in a soft, pitying way.

At last little Alice brought the joyful news that a considerable body of Royalist troops were encamped in the neighborhood; and Lord Villiers resolved to escape and join them that very night.

In preparation for this escape, he proceeded to buckle on his sword-belt, which he had laid aside during his illness. As Alice sat watching him, her eye fell for the first time on a jewel-hilted dagger which he wore under his doublet.

Giving a quick, sharp cry, she sprang forward, caught this from its sheath, and, holding it up, exclaimed, "Where did you get this? Tell me! O, tell me!"

The Cavalier was a good deal startled; but he replied, very directly, "Why, to tell the truth, I took it from the body of a young Roundhead whom I killed at Naseby. I did not take it as a trophy of war, but as a memento of him; for, though a mere boy, he was as brave as a lion."

"You killed our Walter! *You?*" cried Alice, in a tone of heart-breaking reproach; then, sinking back, she clasped the dagger against her breast, and, bowing her head, rocked back and forth, murmuring, "O brother! brother!"

The careless young nobleman was shocked and grieved for Alice. He laid his hand on her head in the old caressing way; but she flung it off with a shudder. Then, a little frightened, he exclaimed, "Now, Alice, you hate me, and perhaps you will betray me."

But Alice, lifting her head proudly, replied, "Do you Royalists have such notions of honor? We Republicans do not know how to break our word or betray a trust. You are safe; and you would have been safe had you killed my father and every body I loved in the world; for you trusted in me."

They parted, not as enemies, but hardly as friends; for Alice could not again shake cordially the hand that had cut down her beloved, only brother. She kept Walter's dagger, and treasured it sorrowfully all her life.

Lord Villiers escaped that night and joined the Royalist troops in safety. He continued to

fight for the King till there was no more hope; then went over to France, where he remained until after the Restoration, when he was appointed an officer in the court of Charles II. One of the first things he did was to inquire for the family of Colonel Hutchinson; for he had always gratefully remembered his young protectress. He found that the colonel was imprisoned in the Tower, in very ill health, and that his wife and Alice Vane, now a young woman grown, were faithfully attending him. So he wrote to Alice, telling her how grateful he had ever been for her goodness and care and brave protection, which had surely saved his life, and how he hoped she bore no malice towards him in her heart for the death of her brother. He went on to say that he could not rest till he had done something to repay her for her great kindness; that he had it in his power through his wife, (for he was now married,) and his sister, the beautiful Duchess, to obtain for her the envied situation of Maid of Honor to the Queen. He said that, among the many beauties of that gay court, there was not one so lovely in his eyes as his dear little protectress had promised to be; and that, should she

accept the offered place, a life of luxury and pleasure would be before her; for every body, from the King and Queen down to the pages and falconers of the court, would admire and love her for the beauty of her face and the nobleness of her character.

Alice Vane replied to Lord Villiers in a frank, straight-forward letter, with which I will close this story. You will see that she employed the plain language then in great use among the Puritans, especially in writing. I have changed the spelling, which was in the old English style, and would be a little difficult for you to read.

Dear Friend: It has given me joy to hear by thy letter that thou art living and wedded to the maiden thy heart hath cleaved unto so long; but I am grieved that thou art exposing her and thyself to the temptations of a most ungodly court.

I have long ago forgiven thee that cruel sword-thrust which made untimely end of my comely young brother's life and of the best joy of mine, and I have prayed that the Lord in his exceeding mercy will hold thee guiltless of his blood. Ye did meet in fair fight; and verily,

hadst thou borne thyself less manfully, thou wouldst have lain in poor Walter's place.

Thou dost owe me nought for the little service I did thee. I would have done the same for the poorest man in the realm had he so needed.

Thy gay court is no place for a lowly Christian maiden like me. Thine offer was made in kindness; but forbear to urge it, lest thou wouldst have me come to stand before the man Charles Stuart and warn him to repent of his waste and wickedness and turn unto the Lord while it is yet time.

We have been sorely tried by persecutions, loss, and imprisonment; but the God of Israel hath been with us in his spirit and his word, and we have not been dismayed.

I shall tarry with my kinsfolk as long as they have such earnest need of me; but when I have release from this dear duty, with a beloved and godly friend, whom the Lord hath raised up for me, I shall depart from this unhappy country, which hath backslidden from liberty and the true faith, to a land where we may worship in freedom and in peace. We shall cross the great deep,

to where, in the heathen wilderness of America, God hath prepared a refuge for his people.

The Lord be with thee and preserve thee amid all the temptations that beset thee, and bring thee home, if even by sore chastening, to thy Father's house at last.

I rest thy friend,

ALICE VANE.

Warwick Castle.

GUY OF WARWICK.

In the town of Warwick, near Stratford upon Avon, stands a grand old castle, built in the feudal times. It is not in ruins, like nearly all other English castles of that date, but is kept in beautiful repair and inhabited by the Earl of Warwick — one of the richest noblemen in England.

It was on a lovely morning in June that we

visited Warwick Castle. From a pretty carved stone bridge over the Avon we took our first view of the gray old walls, the towers and battlements, just enough overgrown with ivy to look beautiful and not ruinous. Never before had I seen a building for people to live in half so grand and noble; yet often, after reading old English ballads and romances, I had dreamed of just such places.

We stopped at the porter's lodge to wait for the Earl's permission to enter. In England it is not customary to admit strangers to see great houses when the masters or mistresses are at home; but, on hearing that one of our party was an American lady, his lordship immediately commanded that his steward should show us over the castle and grounds. We passed up a long, wide passage, cut in the rock, but perfectly lined with ivy and flowers, visited the summer houses, and lingered under the shadow of magnificent oaks and cedars. The deep moat, once filled with water for defence, is now drained and overgrown with grass and shrubbery; but we crossed it on a drawbridge, passed under a portcullis into the court-yard, and from thence into

the great hall of the castle. This is a splendid apartment, with a floor of polished marble and a ceiling of curiously-carved oak. It is hung with shining suits of armor and great branching horns of deer, and has a wide, deep chimney, with cosy oaken seats in the corners. We were then shown through long suites of magnificent rooms, filled with rich furniture, pictures, vases, statues, and all sorts of beautiful and costly things.

The steward who conducted us was a tall, dignified person, very elegantly dressed — a grander looking man than our President; but I am sorry to say he spoke very bad English. He had a way, which I did not like particularly, of hurrying us away from things which we wanted to see, and of calling upon us to admire things which we didn't take to at all. He looked most proud and solemn, and talked most eloquently, when he showed us a gloomy state bed, hung with faded silk curtains and called "Queen Anne's bed," because that good-natured, stout, and somewhat stupid old lady once slept on it.

As we entered a small hall, dimly lighted, I started back suddenly; for at the other end

appeared a proud-looking man on horseback, who seemed just about to ride down upon us; but at the next glance I saw that it was a picture — the portrait of King Charles I. by the great painter Vandyck.

When we left the castle we found that our friend the steward did not feel quite so grand as he looked; for he seemed to be very glad to get the half crown we gave him for his pains, and touched his hat to us, or rather made believe he did, for he was bareheaded at the time.

As we were passing out of the grounds we were invited to stop at the porter's lodge, to see some curious old armor and arms, by the portress, whom I thought very hospitable in her feelings till I found that she expected a fee as well as the steward.

The armor and arms kept here are of gigantic size, and are said to have belonged to Guy of Warwick — a famous knight, about whose history and exploits countless ballads and romances were written in old times. From some of these I will try to make out his story in such a way as to give you amusement, if not profit.

STORY OF GUY OF WARWICK.

There was once, in the days of the Saxon kings, a very powerful noble, named Roland, who was Earl, not only of Warwick, but of Oxford and Rockingham. He had no son to inherit his titles and estates; but he had an only daughter, named Felice, who was a most extraordinary young woman, not only on account of her great beauty and wit, but for her learning, which was prodigious. In those times, if a young lady could sing a song, play a little on the lute, dance, ride, fly a hawk, work tapestry, and write her name, she was considered wonderfully accomplished. But Miss Felice had learned masters, whom her father sent for all the way to Toulouse, who taught her astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, geography, and rhetoric; and she finally astonished all the world by her science.

Earl Roland had a steward, named Segard — a clever, worthy man, who managed the vast estates of his lord wisely and justly. This Segard had an only son, named Guy, a remarkably

beautiful, strong, and courageous young man. He had been educated as a page to the Earl, but had been promoted to the office of cup-bearer — a sort of poetic name for waiter. The first time that Guy was appointed to attend upon the Lady Felice at dinner he dressed himself elegantly, for he was a bit of a dandy, and looked so uncommonly handsome that her ladyship smiled on him graciously, and said that she was very happy to make the acquaintance of such a worthy young man as her papa had often told her he was. Guy was so agitated at this kind speech that he spilt a glass of wine he was pouring for her on her new satin dress. He was dreadfully frightened at what he had done, till Felice said, sweetly, "Never mind;" which showed that she was a very amiable young lady indeed.

Guy Segard seems to have had all the virtues but modesty. He presently grew so presuming as to make love to his beautiful and learned mistress and to ask her to marry him. The proud Felice said "No!" very scornfully; and Guy took it so to heart that he fell sick with sorrow. He had the Earl's best physicians; but they could

not make out what ailed him, though they all agreed that he was sure to die; and his simple old father believed them, and got every thing ready for the funeral. Then the Lady Felice thought to herself that matters were getting rather serious, and that really something ought to be done to save the poor young man. So she went to work and dreamed a dream that an angel appeared to her and told her to return the love of the gallant Guy; and in the morning early she sent him word that, as soon as he had received the honor of knighthood and proved his valor in battles and tournaments, she would be his wife. On hearing this good news Guy threw away his physic, drove out his doleful doctors, and got well directly.

The good old Earl soon after bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, in this way: Guy, clad in the richest armor, knelt at the feet of the Earl, in the presence of the whole court; and the Earl, striking him gently on the shoulder with his sword, said, "Rise, Sir Knight!" and Guy, who had knelt down a peasant-page, arose a gentleman-soldier.

The next day he took leave of his father and

mother, of the Lady Felice, and lastly of the Earl, who certainly behaved very handsomely on the occasion, furnishing the young knight with horses and followers and a considerable sum of money, with which he set out on his travels in search of honors and adventures. Felice felt sad at first; but she finally consoled herself with science, and went on studying the stars.

Sir Guy first went into Normandy, where he presently distinguished himself at a great tournament to such a degree that he was offered the hand of the Princess Blanche, the daughter of the Emperor Reignier. Sir Guy answered that he was sorry to disappoint the Princess, but he was already engaged to the most beautiful and scientific lady in the world. Blanche, who was very pretty, lifted her head proudly and angrily at what he said about beauty, but dropped it again when he came to the science; for she, poor thing! could hardly write her name, and didn't even know the Multiplication Table.

From Normandy Sir Guy travelled through Germany, Lombardy, and Spain, fighting in every tournament, winning every prize, and making himself more and more famous. Then he

returned to England, where he was received with flattering kindness by the King. He hurried down to Warwick, hoping that Felice would now be ready to marry him; but the proud lady was not yet satisfied. She told him to go abroad again and get more glory; and he went.

But, while waiting on the sea shore for a fair wind, Sir Guy heard strange stories of the devastations of a furious dun cow, so enormous that her bellow was like thunder, and her tramp shook down houses like an earthquake; and, when she pawed the ground, she dug great pits and raised vast clouds of dust.

The people prayed fervently to be delivered from her; and as for fasting, they were obliged to do that; for every where she went she eat up all the grain. Of course Sir Guy buckled on his armor and rode forth to slay. He followed the cow to a village, where she went tearing up the street, jarring down steeples with her bellow, whisking off chimneys with her tail, and driving the frightened villagers before her, till she had them all in the market-place, where she began tossing them on her horns so fast and furious that when the knight came up there seemed to

be more people in the air than on the ground. But Sir Guy went at her so bravely, and pricked her so smartly with his lance, that she soon took flight, and ran bellowing home to her haunt on Dunsmore Heath. The knight followed at full speed, and, with a few stout blows with his tremendous battle-axe, put a stop to her cruel sport, and made happy hundreds on hundreds of poor peasants.

I cannot think of relating to you all of the exploits and adventures of Sir Guy during his second tour, which lasted several years. Indeed, so long was he away from his Felice that he once came near forgetting her and doing her a great wrong. This was how it happened: Hearing that the Greek Emperor Ernis was besieged at Constantinople by the Soudan with a powerful army, he went to his help at the head of a thousand brave knights. The Saracens came up in vast hosts to assault the city; but Guy, at the head of his men, went out to meet them with some terrible engines he had invented, and fought himself with such prodigious fierceness and strength that the Soudan was defeated and no less than fifteen acres were covered with dead Saracens.

The next day Sir Guy rode out alone to the Soudan's camp, to propose to him to have the conflict settled by a single combat; but the discourteous Soudan no sooner heard his name than he commanded that the knight should be immediately put to death; but in an instant Guy drew his sword, and, dashing up to the monarch, shaved his head clear off, and, catching it up with his left hand and fighting with the right, galloped through the camp and back to the city; and this finished the war. The Emperor Ernis was so grateful for all these services that he offered him half his kingdom and the hand of his daughter in marriage. Loret was a beautiful Princess. Sir Guy consented, and stood up to be married; when suddenly, at the sight of the wedding-ring, he thought of Felice, and dropped the bride's hand as though it had been a hot iron, declaring that he could not have her at all. He then fell down in a swoon, and was so ill as to keep his bed for several weeks. When he recovered he still declined to be married; but the Emperor and Loret, who seem to have been very good-natured people, treated him just as well as ever.

But after a while something occurred to make him feel a little uncomfortable at Constantinople, and caused him to leave rather suddenly.

One day, when Sir Guy first came into the Emperor's dominions, while riding through a forest, he witnessed a dreadful conflict between a lion and a dragon. Now, Sir Guy never would see a fight of any kind without having a hand in it; so he put his lance in rest, and, galloping up to the dragon, pierced him through and through, and at last pinned him to the ground. When he had finished the monster he was about to go at the lion with his battle-axe; when that ferocious animal showed his gratitude at being delivered from the dragon by crouching before the knight and fawning on him like a dog.

When Sir Guy turned to go the lion followed him, and continued to follow him, watch over him, and share in all his travels and adventures. When his master was engaged in combat with any reasonable number of Saracens at a time he would stand back and see fair play, feeling quite sure that the knight would be victorious; but when he saw fifteen or twenty attack Sir Guy at once he would set up a tremendous roar, leap

into the midst of the fight, and soon settle the matter. Then the knight would pat him on the head and say, "Good old Leo!" and Leo would wag his tail, and lick the hand of the knight, and trot along after him in search of new adventures.

At the court of the Emperor, Leo became a very great lion indeed, and always created a sensation when he appeared in society. The Greek knights envied Sir Guy his noble favorite, and would have given any price for him if he would have been as docile to them; but faithful hearts can never be bought. The ladies were desperately afraid of him; yet for the sake of his handsome master they pretended to admire him, and said he was "a love of a pet;" but they took good care to keep out of the reach of his claws. The Princess Loret once went so far as to lay her hand on his mane and say, "Good Leo; pretty Leo;" but when he was impolite enough to reply to her compliment by a roar, though it was one of his mildest, she fainted quite away and fell into Sir Guy's arms.

Sir Guy had a rival, one Sir Morgadour, the steward of the Emperor, who tried for a long

time to take the brave knight's life by treachery and assassination; for he never had courage to contend with him singly in fair fight. One day this cruel and cowardly fellow, seeing the lion quietly sleeping in an arbor, sent a poisoned arrow into his breast. Poor Leo had only strength enough to reach Sir Guy's chamber and drag himself to his dear master's feet, where he lay groaning piteously, and wagging his tail slowly and more slowly, till he died. While the knight stood weeping beside the corpse, a little girl — for there *were* little girls in those warlike old times — came softly in and told him that, while she was in the garden picking a few figs for dinner, she saw Sir Morgadour shoot the lion. Sir Guy had forgiven his enemy every attempt upon his own life; but he now swore over the bleeding body of his friend to avenge his death. So, drawing his sword, he rushed out to seek Sir Morgadour, whom he found directly; and, walking straight up to him, he immediately cut his head off — a very severe punishment, certainly, while it lasted.

As Sir Morgadour's friends at court looked black at Sir Guy after this, or cut his acquaint-

ance altogether, he concluded, as I said, to leave Constantinople. He travelled again through Germany and various other countries, fighting and conquering, defending the right and befriending the weak; till at last, having won all the glory that was to be had in the world, he returned to England. First he went to York to pay his respects to King Athelstan, who was particularly overjoyed to see him just then, because he had use for him. There was a monstrous dragon, black and scaly, winged and six-headed, which was murdering and eating up people by the score in the county of Northumberland.

So the King said to Sir Guy, "My people are petitioning me every day to deliver them from this monster. They are always grumbling about something. It seems to me there's not much reason in this complaint, for, if the dragon eats them, they'll surely get rid of paying taxes; but perhaps we may as well put an end to the career of the foul beast; for he might take a fancy to come to court — which would be unpleasant, you know. So Guy, my dear fellow, as dragons are in your line, suppose you undertake this one."

The knight bowed low and said, "Very well, sire;" and a few days after he sent King Athelstan the dragon's six heads, with his compliments.

Then he went to Warwick to see Felice, who had got enough of science, as he of glory. So they were married, amid great pomp and rejoicing.

After this happy event people thought that Sir Guy would settle down quietly and peaceably at Warwick. But no: his life there soon seemed very dull and insipid; and, when his wife talked to him about science, he yawned and sighed for new adventures. It may be that Felice attended more to the stars than to her own household; it may be she was not a good pudding-maker; for in a short time Sir Guy left her and set ou again on his fighting travels as a knight errant. Knights errant were roving soldiers, who went about attending to every body's business but their own. There are none of these in our time. The nearest approach we have to them are a sort of female knights errant, who go about meddling and making with their neighbors' affairs; who meet at tea-tables instead of

tournaments, and tilt with tongues instead of lances. You can find several of these in every village.

Lady Felice wept till her bright eyes grew dim after her husband left her. The stars could not console her this time; but a little son who was born to her did; though at first she wept more bitterly than ever — he looked so like his father. She called him Raynburn, and cared for him lovingly till he was four years of age, when he was stolen away by some Saracens; and, though he grew to be a great knight, his mother never saw him again. So the poor woman had sorrow enough to punish her for all the pride and vanity of her girlhood.

Sir Guy continued to have many wonderful adventures; but I have only room for one more.

Once, in Constantinople, he challenged to combat an uncommonly brave and powerful knight, one Sir Barnard; and, though they fought all day, neither was victorious. But Sir Barnard was afraid to meet his foe next day, and in the night, while Sir Guy slept soundly, had his bed taken up, with him on it, and flung into the sea. The waves were calm; and Sir Guy floated quietly

off, never once starting in his sleep. Early in the morning he awoke with a strange feeling in his stomach, which he presently found was sea-sickness. He found, also, that he was nearly out of sight of land. By and by he saw a fishing-boat in the distance. He waived a sheet as a sign of distress; and the fisherman came, took him into his boat and rowed him back to the city, where, as soon as he was dressed and armed, he entered the lists, challenged the astonished Sir Barnard again, and this time slew him.

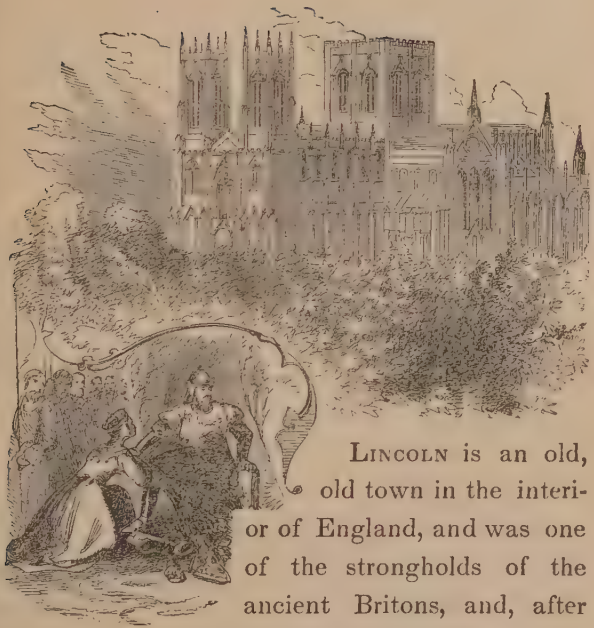
After some years Sir Guy went back to England and visited Warwick in the disguise of a palmer. He found his wife grown very charitable and religious; and, seeing that things were going on very well, he did not reveal himself, but went away disguised as he came, having made a visit more satisfactory to himself than to his wife. He retired to the forest of Ardenne, where he spent the rest of his days as a hermit, growing more and more pious as he grew old and feeble. When he took to his bed with his last sickness, he thought it would be a comfortable thing to have a wife to nurse him. So he sent for Felice, who came and nursed him tenderly

till he died. Then, for all that he had been but a poor vagabond sort of husband to her, she grieved so bitterly for him that in fifteen days she died too.

This is all I can tell you of Guy of Warwick; but perhaps it is more than enough. Between you and me, I very much doubt the truth of some of these wonderful stories, especially the one about the dun cow. Dragons we read of in the Scriptures; so perhaps it won't do to dispute the possibility of his having killed some monster of that sort; but who ever heard before of a cow behaving in such an extraordinary manner, devastating whole countries and tossing such multitudes of people on her horns? On the whole, I am inclined to believe it was a mammoth, or perhaps only a large Durham bull gone mad.

Lincoln Cathedral and York Minster.

QUEEN PHILIPPA.



Lincoln is an old, old town in the interior of England, and was one of the strongholds of the ancient Britons, and, after them, of the Romans, under Julius Cæsar. Roman walls, pavements, and coins are found in the city to this day. The greatest curiosities of the place are the ruins of a fine old castle, prettily overgrown with moss, ivy, and wall-flowers, and

a magnificent cathedral, built, or rather founded, by a Bishop Remegeus, somewhere about the year 1090, but not completed till the year 1380. So, you see, it is rather slow work building these immense and splendid churches. This cathedral stands on a high hill, and can be seen from a great distance every way. I will not try to give you an idea of its beauty and grandeur, of its height and length and breadth, of its splendid carved arches and enormous pillars, its statues and gorgeous windows of stained glass. Until you go abroad you will never see such buildings. They cost countless sums of money, which the kings and priests of Catholic countries persuade or compel the people to raise. Many and many a poor man has given his last hard-earned penny for the building of some grand church or monastery when his family were suffering for the want of food and clothing. We Protestants do not believe that God, our kind Father, requires or is pleased with such sacrifices from his poor children. We believe what he tells us in the Scripture, that he dwells not in splendid temples made by human hands, but in the pure hearts of all who believe in him and love him.

We went up to the summit of the highest cathedral tower and had a wide view over a beautiful country. While up there we heard a great bell strike the hours in a belfry a little way beneath us. It gave out such a thundrous sound that the old stone tower trembled frightfully. But we did not hear the big bell of all. "The great Tom," as he is called, must be a very grand, aristocratic old bell, as he never rings but on great occasions, such as Christmas, or a sovereign's coronation. I believe he condescended to peal out on the birth of the Prince of Wales, making the old belfry rock again; but I don't suppose he has made any account of the many Princes and Princesses that have followed.

After we descended from the tower we saw service performed. There was a grand organ, that sent its solemn music rolling and swelling up through the arches and down that vast cathedral like great billows of delicious sound. Then followed the sweetest singing you can imagine from a band of boys who are carefully trained for choristers. Afterwards we went out and walked quite round the cathedral, viewing it on all sides — no trifle of a walk, I assure you.

The outside is ornamented with a host of statues and figures of all sorts — some very queer and funny, though they *are* on a holy building.

There is one of a profligate priest, Archbishop Blowet, very appropriately blowing a swineherd's horn; and there is another of Satan himself, who, the old monks used to say, envied them their grand cathedral; and so, to aggravate him, they perched him up on a high point, where he could overlook all the beautiful building. He has a mean, ugly face and figure, and, besides looking as spiteful and cross as it is natural for demons to look, seems ready to die of envy. I am afraid that the monks who put him up there rather enjoyed seeing him in such an uncomfortable situation; for, with all their piety, I don't think they were like the kind little boy you may have heard of, who pitied Satan and called him "poor fellow," because, he said, "nobody loves him."

York Minster is a vast and magnificent building, far more beautiful than the cathedral at Lincoln or than any other that I saw in England. I wandered through it for hours, wonder-

ing and admiring, never satisfied with gazing up at its grand arches of finely-carved stone, rising one above another, supported by immense columns, and at the great windows of stained glass, which seemed to turn all the light of the day into glorious rainbows. Nor could I ever tire of listening to the music of the noble organ, now solemn, now joyful, and the sweet chanting of the young choristers, which made me dream of the great music of heaven and the singing of the saints in blessedness.

York Minster was founded as long ago as the year 627, by Edwyn, an Anglo-Saxon King of the Northumbrians. This monarch was converted from paganism in a rather romantic way; but he proved a very true and faithful Christian for all that.

He wished to marry Edilburga, the daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent; but that young Princess was a Christian, and would not consent to be his wife, though she liked him very well, unless he would promise, not only to allow her to enjoy her religious faith, but to renounce paganism. Edwyn agreed to let Edilburga keep her belief; but, though very much in love, he was too

wise and honest to promise to give up his own without knowing what he was going to have in the place of it. So he told her that he would examine her religion, and, if it should appear to him better and purer than his own, he would adopt it and support it with all his power.

So Edilburga, who relied on his word, came to York to be his Queen, accompanied by a learned and eloquent minister named Paulinus, who talked and argued with the King till he acknowledged himself entirely convinced. Then he called a council of his great men and frankly acknowledged his change of sentiments, and called upon them to examine and adopt the new religion.

This was a very brave and manly deed for a young King to do. It is always a dangerous thing to meddle with a people's religion, if it is ever so false and bad. It is sacred to those who believe in it; and those who don't believe in it either fear it or live by it; so nobody likes to see it touched. Now, the armed nobles looked at one another in silent astonishment; the priests looked frightened or angry, or drew down their faces and rolled up their eyes, as though shocked

at the King's profanity. Edwyn was pale, and his voice shook a little, but not with fear; for God strengthened his heart that it did not fail. A holy light shone in his eye, and he spoke such wise and earnest words that every honest man present felt ready to adopt the religion of Jesus Christ.

Wonderful to tell, the first to address the council after the King was Coifi, the heathen high-priest, who boldly acknowledged that the deities he had been serving were worthless and powerless, and declared his willingness to be taught a better doctrine. Then a noble spoke, saying, "O mighty King, of what good is our religion? Does it not leave us in thick darkness of ignorance about the great future beyond this life? Like birds that flit about us for a season, then fly away out of our view we know not whither, so we for a little while on this earth pass away, and no eye can follow us. If the stranger can tell what that life is that begins when our hearts stop their beating, what our souls behold when our eyes have ceased from seeing, where *they* dwell when the grave has shut over our bodies, then let us receive his teachings."

Several other speeches like this were made; and all the council professed to be of King Edwyn's opinion.

Coifi, the high-priest, became so excited that he proposed at once to set about destroying the heathen temples. So he armed himself and mounted one of the king's horses, and, heading a troop of soldiers, attacked the great temple at Godmundingham and soon levelled it to the ground.

From that time the people eagerly embraced Christianity, mostly from honest conviction, but some, I am afraid, because the King and the nobility had set the fashion. It is said that for thirty-six days Bishop Paulinus did nothing from morning till night but baptize converts; that on one day he baptized no less than twelve thousand! I don't like to dispute any thing I find in history: I only say that Paulinus appears to have been a very extraordinary man in his way, and must have used wonderful despatch.

On the spot where King Edwyn was baptized he erected a magnificent stone church; but after his death the pagans got the upper hand and evelled it to the ground. In the reigns of the

warlike kings that followed, some pious, some wicked, it was rebuilt and destroyed so often that it seemed all the time to be either going up very slowly or coming down very rapidly. At last, in the year 1216, the present beautiful building was commenced; and in about two hundred years it was finished. So it is now nearly seven hundred years old.

THE STORY OF QUEEN PHILIPPA.

The young King Edward III. was married to the Lady Philippa, of Hainault, at York, in the year 1328.

Edward was a brave and handsome man, and a very good Prince, as Princes go; but as for Philippa, she was one of the most beautiful and amiable, wise and noble, of Princesses. Even now men speak her name reverently; and women are proud and happy that such a woman has lived.

That was a splendid wedding. Such a magnificent procession followed the royal pair into the minster — all the highest nobility of England and

Scotland; the parliament and council; Edward's beautiful mother, Queen Isabella, with her train of fair ladies; foreign princes, with their suites; soldiers, and musicians, and richly-robed priests. The minster was hung with rich draperies and strewn with flowers. Under the arches stood banners so thick that they shook and rustled against each other; and all down the aisles there was a great clang of swords and armor. But when Edward and Philippa stood before the altar no one noticed the splendor of the scene, for gazing on their youthful beauty; and every sound was hushed, that their voices might be heard repeating the solemn words of the priest.

As Queen Philippa was passing out of the minster, conducted by her husband, she noticed a plainly-dressed youth leaning against one of the pillars, whose pale, gentle face somehow struck to her heart. It was not the admiration she read in his gaze which made her look at him so earnestly, but the great thoughts burning in his eyes. This was Chaucer, the poet, whose works we read even now with delight, while the very names of the grand nobles and princes who surrounded him on that day are forgotten.

Philippa continued always to be as good and sensible as she was graceful and beautiful, and made the English people an excellent Queen. From the first she influenced the King to reform the abuses which had grown out of the infamous government of his bad mother and her favorite Mortimer; and she set herself to the work of improving the condition of the common people by introducing manufactories into England. Never before had woollen cloth been made in that kingdom. She encouraged art and literature also, and was the friend and patroness of poets.

Edward, brave and generous as he was, had a quick and stormy temper, and sometimes did cruel things, in the heat of passion, when away from Philippa. But that gentle Queen, when beside her stern lord, never failed to plead with him to be merciful and forgiving. She displayed this goodness and love of mercy on the occasion of an accident that happened at a great tournament given to celebrate the birth of her son Edward, afterwards the heroic "Black Prince." A temporary scaffolding fell to the ground, with the Queen and all her ladies. Nobody was

killed, and very few were hurt; but there was a prodigious shrieking and confusion — those who were quite unharmed screaming the loudest, of course.

King Edward, seeing what danger his beloved wife had been in, flew into a terrible rage, and vowed that the carpenter who built the scaffold should instantly be put to death; but Queen Philippa, though still pale and trembling from the fright of her fall, threw herself at the feet of her husband and begged him to spare the poor man's life; and Edward yielded to her prayer.

Queen Philippa was seldom separated from her husband, but faithfully accompanied him in his journeys, wars, and cruises, bravely choosing to share in all his toils and dangers.

At length, however, the King left her in charge of the kingdom while he went to make war upon France. He took with him Prince Edward, who was but sixteen years of age, but who won much glory at the great battle of Cressy.

King David, of Scotland, took this opportunity to come down upon England with a mighty

army; but Queen Philippa collected her forces and met him at Newcastle upon Tyne. After her men were drawn up in order of battle she rode among them, mounted on her white charger, and entreated them to do their duty to her and their absent King and to fight manfully for their country. She then commended them to the protection of God, and retired from the battle-field to pray for their success; for, brave as she was, Queen Philippa was no fighter, and shrank from the sight of blood and carnage.

The English were victorious, and took the warlike King David prisoner. After Philippa had got him lodged safely in the Tower of London she set sail for France, to join her husband at his camp before the town of Calais, which he had been besieging for several months.

And now comes the most beautiful incident in the life of Queen Philippa.

The defenders of Calais became at last so reduced by famine that they were obliged to capitulate. At first Edward declared he would put them all to death; but his councillor, Sir Walter Mauny, pleaded with him till he softened somewhat and said, —

"Tell the Governor of Calais that the garrison and inhabitants shall be pardoned, excepting six of the principal citizens, who must surrender themselves to death, and come forth, with ropes round their necks, bare-headed and bare-footed, bringing the keys of the town and castle in their hands."

When Sir Walter bore this message to the Governor of Calais, he caused the bell to be rung, which called all the inhabitants together in the town-hall. He then related to them, with many tears, the hard sentence of the King of England. It was received with groans and cries of grief and despair. But, after a short pause, the most wealthy citizen of Calais, named Eustace St. Pierre, rose and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low: it would be a pity to let so many of our countrymen die of famine; it would be highly meritorious in the eyes of our Savior if such misery could be prevented. If I die to serve my dear townsmen, I trust I shall find grace before the tribunal of God. I name myself first of the six."

When Eustace had done speaking, his fellow-citizens threw themselves at his feet, weeping

and blessing him. Then another rich citizen rose and offered himself; then another, another, another; and finally the young son of St Pierre threw himself into his father's arms and entreated to be suffered to die with him; and so the number was made up. They were delivered by the governor to Sir Walter Mauny, who conducted them to the pavilion of the King, when they knelt before him, saying that they came to die for the sake of their fellow-citizens. The poor men looked so pale and starved, and yet so brave and noble, that even the stern English knights and barons wept and pleaded for them, Sir Walter most of all. But King Edward hated the people of Calais for the great losses they had made him suffer by sea and by land; so he ordered that the headsman should do his duty at once. Then Queen Philippa flung herself at his feet and clasped his knees, and begged him, as a proof of his love for her, and for the blessed Savior's sake, to spare the lives of those six men.

As King Edward looked down into her tearful face, his own face grew soft and tender; for he remembered how she had looked when in her

beautiful girlhood she had stood by his side at the altar in York Minster; so he lifted her up and kissed her, and said, "Ah, lady, I wish you had been any where else than here; but you have so entreated that I cannot refuse you. I give the men to you: do as you please with them."

Then the Queen conducted the six citizens to her apartments, had the halters taken from their necks, had them clad in handsome clothes and served with a plentiful dinner. Then she made each of them a present and sent them home with an honorable escort. I do not believe that these men ever went to bed after that day without praying for the good Queen Philippa, or blessing her memory.

There were many other beautiful acts and incidents in the history of Philippa of Hainault which I should like to tell you if I had space for them; but I have not.

Through all her life she was amiable, virtuous, and useful — tenderly beloved by her husband and children, and revered by her grateful people; so, when God sent his angel Death

to gently lead her away from an earthly kingdom and lift from her head its earthly crown, it was that she might enter into his kingdom of rest and wear the crown of his immortality.

Kenilworth Castle.

LITTLE ROSAMOND

AMONG the grandest ruins of England are those of Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, once one of the strongest and most magnificent structures of the kind in all the world. It has been besieged, battered, burned, and defaced in every possible way; but it is still very beautiful and imposing.

I visited it on a lovely morning in early June.

There had been a light shower a little while before; the grass of the great court-yard was freshened anew; the ivy that decked the broken old walls, and climbed and swung about the great high towers, glistened in the sun and waved in a pleasant wind; and the yellow wall-flowers shed down their perfume upon us, falling so thick and so sweet every way we turned that it seemed like an invisible rain of fragrance. Daisies and other wild flowers brightened up the grass, and modest violets smiled out of shadowy nooks; and here and there a blooming rose-tree, nestling up against the crumbling masonry, seemed trying with all its little might to hide the desolation and cheer the solitude of the scene.

Flitting every where about the ruins, and wheeling around the towers, were hosts of rooks — black, solemn-looking birds, who keep up an incessant caw-cawing, a sort of doleful jabbering, among themselves, which I never could imagine how they could find amusing or profitable. But doubtless they understand their own affairs and their own language best. Perhaps they thought their melancholy cawing far more dignified and fitting in that mournful place than the sweet,

blithe singing of the blackbirds and the thrushes that sometimes came to make the lonely air thrill with their delicious notes and to set all the little wild flowers trembling with delight; just as some solemn people in this world think it is most proper and pious to be harsh and gloomy, and despise the merry singing of the light-hearted and the innocent laughter of children.

Kenilworth Castle was built in the reign of Henry I. by Geoffrey Clinton, a Norman noble. In the reign of King John it passed out of the possession of the Clinton family and became the property of the crown. Henry III., after making many additions to it, granted it to his brother-in-law, Simon Montford, Earl of Leicester. This Simon Montford afterwards proved a traitor, and gave King Henry a great deal of trouble by raising a rebellion. For a time he was victorious, and, at the battle of Lewes, took captive the King and the Prince of Wales. The Prince escaped, raised another army, attacked and defeated the rebels. Montford was slain; and the remains of his army, headed by his son, fled to Kenilworth Castle, which was besieged by Prince Edward, but gallantly defended for six

months; when famine and pestilence obliged the rebels to capitulate. Thus the castle came again into the possession of the crown.

The unfortunate Edward II., who got into so much trouble with his barons because of his favorites proving insolent and meddlesome, was imprisoned in the dungeons of Kenilworth Castle, while his beautiful but bad Queen, Isabella, and her favorite, Roger de Mortimer, were holding a gay court in its halls. Perhaps sometimes at night the poor King faintly heard the sound of music and revelry. Perhaps he wept as he sat alone in the cold darkness, remembering how fondly he had loved that cruel woman, and listened to catch one tone of her voice, once so dear to him, though now speaking gentle words to his enemy; or even to hear the sound of her dancing feet, though they seemed to be treading on his heart.

Kenilworth remained the greater part of the time in the possession of the crown till the reign of Elizabeth, who bestowed it upon Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. It was in the time of this proud noble that Kenilworth reached the height of its splendor, and really became a

beautiful and splendid palace as well as a powerful fortress. In erecting new and magnificent buildings, towers, and gateways; in enlarging the lake which lay near it; in improving the chase, the parks, and gardens, — he expended no less than half a million of pounds sterling — about two millions and a half of dollars.

At this castle, in the year 1575, the Earl of Leicester received Queen Elizabeth and her whole court, and entertained them for seventeen days, in the most princely and costly manner imaginable.

When this entertainment came off all the country was turned upside down with delight and excitement, and every body said that nothing half so grand had ever happened in the world, — not even when the Queen of Sheba paid a friendly visit to King Solomon, — and never could happen again. In truth there was great parade and festivity at the castle. There were players, singers, jugglers, and tumblers from London, France, and Italy; there were hosts of gallant knights and noble ladies; there was dancing, tilting, hunting, hawking, eating; and I am afraid there was some pretty hard drinking — at

least this little fact in history looks like it: "Over and above the wine and other liquors, there were drank no less than three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer."

The Earl of Leicester was a handsome, accomplished gentleman, but a wily courtier. He sought to win the favor of the Queen, so that she should choose him for her husband and raise him to the throne.

But Elizabeth saw his ambitious designs; and, though she liked him very well, she did not think he would make a good ruler for the people. It was said, also, that this great Queen loved the power and glory of royalty too much to share them with any man. She certainly refused to marry Leicester, though he strove and plotted for years to gain a seat beside her on the throne. It is even said that he caused a lovely young girl called Amy Robsart, whom he had privately married, to be murdered, so that he could lawfully wed his Queen. But I hope it was not so; though certainly the poor lady did drop off very suddenly and mysteriously.

Elizabeth Tudor was not decidedly a *good* woman; but she was one of the best sovereigns

that ever reigned in England. She was brave and energetic, and gifted with excellent sense and judgment.

This Queen was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. "Bluff King Harry," as he was called, was a coarse and cruel man, who while he lived was feared and hated, and when he died was only not forgotten because the story of his crimes kept up a shuddering remembrance of him in the minds of the people. He divorced his good wife, Katharine of Arragon, so that he might marry one of her maids of honor, the beautiful Anne Boleyn; but in the course of a year or two he took a fancy to another lady; and so he had Queen Anne's head taken off to make way for Queen Jane, who, fortunately for her, died in time to escape the scaffold. He next married the Princess Anne of Cleves, whom he divorced for Catharine Howard, who in her turn was soon obliged to lay her pretty head upon the block, because it was the King's pleasure to have another consort. And so he went on till all the beautiful young ladies in the kingdom lived in mortal fear of the crown and the axe; and so one, who were neither beautiful nor

young, professed to be most frightened of all.

The motherless Elizabeth led but a sad life during the reign of her sister, Queen Mary, who imprisoned her and treated her very harshly, principally on account of her Protestant faith. But her own trials did not make her more merciful towards others. She seldom forgave her enemies, but punished with long imprisonment or death all rebels and conspirators. When the Queen of Scots was driven from her own country by the rebellion of her subjects, and sought refuge in England, instead of granting her hospitality and help, Elizabeth put her in prison. Mary Stuart was very beautiful; but somehow this did not seem to help her cause with her "cousin of England," who kept her in close confinement for nineteen years, and then beheaded her.

Of Queen Elizabeth's last sad days and her death I have already told you. As for her faults, after all, there may have been more excuses for them than we know, and there may have been more noble and generous qualities in her character than we find set down in history. Histori-

ans are usually more apt to relate bad than good things of sovereigns and great people. There is but one true account of any human life; and that is the record kept by God's just angel in heaven.

The descendants of the Earl of Leicester sold Kenilworth to the royal family; and, when Cromwell became Lord Protector, he bestowed it upon six of his favorite officers. These Puritan soldiers made terrible work with it — dividing the great estate into farms, destroying the parks and gardens, draining the lake, and making of the castle a complete ruin; and a ruin it has remained ever since.

But now for a little story, which I hope will interest you.

LITTLE ROSAMOND — A LEGEND OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

It was the evening of the day set for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Great multitudes of people had been for many hours assembled on the walls, in the chase, and park and

gardens, to witness the splendid sight. But her majesty had been detained till twilight at Warwick to receive the homage of her subjects; and now it was announced that the grand entrance would be made by torchlight. At length the great bell of the castle tolled and a single rocket shot up into the air. Then all held their breath and listened. At first they could only hear a dull, sea-like sound in the direction of Warwick Castle; but it came nearer and grew louder, till they could distinguish the tramp of horses, music, and shouting, and the clang of armor.

When the Queen entered the royal chase hundreds of great rockets were sent blazing and hissing into the sky; and such a mighty shout was set up by the multitude that it was almost a wonder it didn't jostle the stars out of their places. Yet they did not seem at all disturbed by the tumult, but staid quietly in their orbits, and winked at one another, as though making fun of the Earl's fireworks. The whole music of the castle burst forth; then there was a round of artillery and a tremendous discharge of blunderbusses.

The procession moved slow and stately from

the gate of the park, illuminated by two hundred great wax torches, borne by armed horsemen.

The Queen, who was young at that time, and, though not handsome, was noble and grand looking, came mounted on a beautiful milk-white horse, which she managed very finely; for she was an admirable rider. She was dressed in the richest silks, velvet, and lace; and from head to foot she seemed almost blazing with costly jewels. Beside the Queen rode the Earl of Leicester, on a jet-black steed, one of the handsomest in the world, with trappings of velvet and gold and silver bits. The Earl was gorgeously dressed, and glittered all over with gold and gems. He sat his horse so elegantly, and was so proud in his bearing, that he might have been mistaken for a King had he not rode bare-headed like the rest of the courtiers. After the Queen and the Earl followed a train of noblemen and ladies, guards, pages, knights, gentlemen, and soldiers — a long and splendid cavalcade. On either side stood a line of people closely packed together, all bowing and shouting their loyal welcomes.

As the Queen was approaching the outer

tower she checked her horse to speak to one of her ladies; when suddenly there broke, or rather slid, through the line of soldiers a little girl, who flung herself at her majesty's feet and grasped her robe, crying, —

"A boon! Great Queen, a boon!"

A rude soldier strode forward and lifted his broadsword over the head of the child; when, quick as a flash, a boy, scarcely larger than the girl, leaped out of the crowd and snatched the sword from the soldier's hand, saying, boldly, —

"Thou art a cowardly knave!"

The man turned upon him in rage, caught back the sword, and might have killed him with it had not the Queen cried, —

"Hold, villain! By my faith, I think the lad is right. Wouldst butcher babes like these? Then art thou one of King Herod's men, and none of ours. Stand back!"

Then, turning her eyes on the little girl, who stood trembling at her side, she looked at her a moment in silent surprise. And well she might; for the child was as beautiful as an angel. She could scarcely have been more than ten years of age. She was very fair and delicate, with a

tender, appealing face, and a voice sweet, but mournful, like the sound of a wind harp. She had large, dark eyes, with long heavy lashes; but her eyebrows were a shade lighter; and her hair, which was soft and wavy, was of a rich, golden hue. Now tears were flashing in her eyes; her red lips were quivering; her cheek was brightly flushed; her hair gently lifted from her forehead by the evening wind; and, in her simple white frock, she looked there under the torchlight so like a radiant little seraph that the stern Queen spoke softly to her, almost as though in fear, saying, —

"Who art thou? and what wouldst thou with me?"

"My name is Rosamond Vere," answered the child; "and I come to put this petition into your own hands, and to beseech your majesty to grant the prayer of a poor motherless little girl, who will pray to God for you every night and morning as long as she lives."

The Queen smiled graciously and took the paper, but said, —

"This is no time or place to read petitions, child. Come to the castle to-morrow, at the hour

of twelve, and we will give thee audience. But tell me, who is thy brave young champion? By my soul, he hath a right gallant spirit!"

"I do not know, your majesty. I never saw him before," said Rosamond.

The boy of whom they spoke had gone back among the spectators; but on hearing these words he stepped modestly forward. He was a handsome lad, with deep, dark, beaming eyes, and a sort of grand look about his forehead, which made him seem, for all his plain, peasant dress, nobler than any young lord or duke in all that cavalcade.

The Queen smiled on him, and said,—

"Well, young rash-head, what art thou called?"

"William Shakspeare, may it please your majesty."

"Marry, a good name, and an honest; and thou art a brave lad. Doubtless we shall hear of thee when thou art a man. But now away with ye both; for it is late for such chicks to be abroad."

Then she loosened the reins of her horse and rode forward with Leicester; and all the proces-

sion moved on again. They passed through the tower, over the bridge, and entered the castle, with another peal of music and discharge of artillery, and such a terrific irruption of rockets that some of the country-women shrieked with fright, thinking that the castle and all the great folks in it were being blown into atoms; some even fancying that they saw the Queen on her white horse riding straight up into the air.

Rosamond Vere went away to Warwick with some friends, and William Shakspeare went home to Stratford with his father and mother. They drove in a rough little wagon; for in those days only kings and nobles had carriages. William sat on a bag of wool behind his parents. His head was full of the splendors he had seen, and his heart beat high and fast with pride because of the Queen's praise. He was greatly excited; but he was tired also; and when they reached home he was found fast asleep on the wool-bag.

The next day, when little Rosamond presented herself at the castle, she was at once admitted and conducted to an ante-room, where she had a few minutes to wait. She met there an elegant

young courtier, one Sir Walter Raleigh, who kindly instructed her how to conduct herself before the Queen. Above all things, he told her she must remember never to turn her back on her majesty, but, when she was dismissed, to go out backwards: and Rosamond promised to do as he bade her. Just at twelve she was summoned by the Lord Chamberlain to the great hall, where the Queen was holding court. She was seated on a throne, under a canopy of state. She wore her crown, and a dress of rich velvet, soft, blue like the sky, covered with white lace so fine that it looked like light clouds, and looped up with great diamonds, that shone like stars.

After having been conducted to the foot of the throne, Rosamond knelt there, and looked up timidly into her majesty's face. Alas! it was clouded with a frown.

"And so," exclaimed the Queen, "thou art the daughter of that Walter Vere who lately conspired with other traitors to set our prisoner, Mary of Scotland, free! He hath deserved death; and death he shall have!"

"O, have mercy, gracious madam!" cried Rosamond. "My poor father had a tender heart;

and the Queen of the Scots moved it by her tears and her beauty. O, she is so beautiful, if your grace would see her you would have pity on her also."

Queen Elizabeth blushed deeply, for she knew in her heart that she was envious of Mary Stuart's beauty; and she said, more sternly than before, —

"Thy father hath acted traitorously, and must abide his sentence. Go, child!"

But Rosamond, instead of rising, took from her bosom a small package and placed it in the Queen's hand. It was a paper containing a ring. On the paper was written the name of Walter Vere, and a verse of Scripture, signed "Anne R." On the ring was engraved a crest, the arms of the Boleyns.

Queen Elizabeth turned pale as she examined these, and hastily asked, —

"Where got you this? And this? Speak, girl!"

"My father," answered Rosamond, "was an officer in the Tower at the time the Queen, your mother, was imprisoned there. He was good to

her; and the night before she was beheaded she gave him these mementos."

Elizabeth's face softened, and a tear shone for a moment in her cold, gray eye, but did not fall; then she spoke: —

"For *her* memory's sake we grant thy prayer. We forgive thy father; but let him see to it how he again braves our ire."

She then wrote an order for the immediate liberation of Walter Vere, stating that she had granted him a full pardon. This paper she was about to give into the hands of an officer, to be conveyed to London; but Rosamond begged that she might carry it herself; and the Queen, kindly assenting, placed her under the charge of the officer, requesting him with her own lips to be kind to the child. She extended her beautiful hand to Rosamond, who kissed it fervently, but was too much overcome with joy and thankfulness to speak a word more. She rose up so bewildered, and in such haste to set out on her journey, that she quite forgot Sir Walter Raleigh's injunctions, and, turning her back on the Queen, actually ran out of the hall, much to the merriment of the gay court.

The rest of Rosamond's story is soon told. She went to London and freed her father, who never got into any trouble of the kind again. She grew to be a beautiful woman, married a country gentleman, and lived for many years far from the great world, but happy and beloved, because always good and loving.

London and the Tower.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

On the evening of June 24 I first entered London. Coming up from Coventry by the railway, I could see little of the great city till I was in the midst of it. I only remember seeing in the distance a great cloud of smoke overhanging a dim, vast multitude of houses, towers, and spires; then, as we drew nearer and the darkness deepened, hosts of lights,

as innumerable as though all the stars had dropped out of heaven, began to twinkle, and flash, and throb, and waver; and then, above the clang of the engine and the rush of the train, I could hear a strange, dull, unceasing roar. This was the noise of the travel and traffic of London — sounds that are never wholly hushed, but in the daytime thunder like torrents and cataracts, and in the night come to your ear with a hoarse, heavy swell, like the beating of the sea against a far, rocky shore.

In truth there was something almost frightful in this first rush, and roar, and vastness of London to me, coming to it as I did at night. But when I found myself in a beautiful station, roofed with glass and cheerfully lighted, and met there a kind friend who was awaiting me, I took heart at once; and when, an hour later, I sat with my dear friends, the L——s, in their pleasant drawing room, chatting and drinking tea, I felt as contented and happy as I had ever felt in my life.

I was several weeks in London on this first visit, and during that time I saw many people — authors and artists, and statesmen and philan-

thropists — whom I had long loved or honored for their works and their noble deeds; and I saw others, of whom I had hardly heard before, whom I learned to love and honor with all my heart.

It will not be possible for me to describe to you all the great sights of London; but I will tell you something of the most noted.

We will begin with

THE TOWER.

This famous fortress and ancient palace stands on the north bank of the Thames, just beyond the limits of the city. It is a large, irregular building, of dark-gray stone, with four corner turrets and two entrances — one by a bridge over the moat, and the other by a gateway from the river. This last is called the Traitor's Gate, as state prisoners were obliged to pass through it. The older portion of the tower was built by William the Conqueror; but nearly every succeeding sovereign, down to a recent reign, made

additions and improvements. It passed from a palace into a fortress, from a fortress to a prison; and now it is used only as an armory and a safe depository of state papers, rare and curious relics, and the crown jewels, called the *Regalia*.

Near where visitors now enter, the royal menagerie was kept until a few years ago, when it was removed to the Zoölogical Gardens. Here King James I. once witnessed a fight between a lion and three dogs, and seemed highly amused by the sport. If we were not talking of a crowned King, I should say he showed very cruel and vulgar propensities.

In the Bell Tower the Princess — afterwards Queen — Elizabeth is supposed to have been confined. She was imprisoned by the order of her sister, Queen Mary, on the charge of treason, of which she was quite innocent. When the stern guards brought her to the Traitor's Gate she refused to land there; but, when they roughly reminded her that she had no choice, she stepped proudly up on to the stair, and said, solemnly, —

"Here landeth as true a subject, being a pris-

.oner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends than thee."

Opposite to the Traitor's Gate is the Bloody Tower — so called because it is believed that in it the poor young princes, sons of Edward IV., were murdered by the order of their cruel uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

In the Beauchamp Tower Lord Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and many other eminent prisoners were confined. The Lady Jane was imprisoned in the Brick Tower. The Bowyer Tower is said to have been the scene of the murder of the Duke of Clarence by order of his brother, Richard of Gloucester.

There is a long apartment called the Horse Armory, where I saw a great many figures of knights clad in complete suits of mail, mounted and armed. These figures represent the fashions and the monarchs or great men of every reign back to that of the first Edward. It is a very interesting hall, but not so much so as the one in the White Tower, called Queen Elizabeth's Armory. This contains a vast variety of curious

old weapons of warfare, such as battle-axes, lances, pikes, ponderous broadswords, halberds, glaives, and crossbows. Here is kept the beheading-block, darkly stained with blood and cut by many a deadly blow. Beside it leans the headsman's axe, now blunt and rusty, but which was doubtless keen and bright when it severed the proud head of the Earl of Essex from his body and struck through the slender neck of poor Anne Boleyn. But more dreadful to behold even than these are the instruments of torture. These are horrible weapons and machines used to extort confessions from criminals and suspected persons. The sight of them made me shudder and grow faint; the thought of them has ever since been painful to me; so, if you please, we will talk of other things.

At the farther end of this hall there is a figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, dressed as she was when she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada which had been sent against England.

Out of this hall opens the gloomy little room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined during his long imprisonment in the reign of James I.

And now I will tell you some stories of the Tower, begining with a brief life of

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Walter Raleigh was the younger son of an ancient and honorable family, who lived at a fine old country seat called Fardell, near Plymouth. He was born in 1552. At an early age he showed such extraordinary talent that his father, who was an excellent scholar, educated him very carefully, and took much pride in the wonderful advances he made in all branches of learning. At the age of sixteen he entered Oxford, where he soon gained a great reputation for scholarship. But in a little more than a year he left college and entered the army, having volunteered to join a noble expedition fitted out by the order of Queen Elizabeth to aid the persecuted Huguenots in France.

Like a good son, he first returned home to receive his father's blessing and his mother's farewell kiss. His proud father gave him a fervent benediction; his gentle mother kissed him ten-

derly; and when she had followed him down to the court yard, and seen him mount his fiery steed and ride away with his pretty page and faithful esquire, she ascended to her chamber in a turret and watched him from the window as long as she could see the waving of his white plume, and wept and prayed for him, and then sat alone a long time, thinking of all the pleasant past, and wondering if her darling son would come back to her from the wars unchanged, still her own good, beautiful boy — if she would *ever* see him again.

Walter Raleigh was abroad on this dangerous and toilsome service five years. Then, after a visit to his home, he made a campaign in the Netherlands, and the next year embarked on his first voyage to America with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. They unluckily encountered a large Spanish fleet, and were defeated. Walter reached England just in time to head an expedition to Ireland to put down an insurrection raised by the intriguing Spaniards. Here he was successful, and so distinguished himself by his bravery that he was appointed to the government of Munster and Cork.

But matters becoming too quiet in Ireland to suit his restless, daring spirit, he returned to England, and went to court, "to seek his fortune," as they say in old fairy-stories.

He was then a remarkably handsome and accomplished gentleman, with elegant manners and a great taste for splendid dress.

For some time he did not succeed in his object, as he was not very wealthy and had no great friend to present him to the Queen. But Fortune favored him at last. One day he was so lucky as to meet her majesty walking out with her courtiers and ladies. The Queen was magnificently dressed in satin and velvet, and, as usual, was loaded with costly jewels. Around her neck was a stiff ruff of rich lace, full a foot wide; and her hair, of a reddish yellow, — called by the court poets "golden," — was confined by a net of pearls and diamonds.

It was Raleigh's first view of the Queen. He was quite awe-struck by her grand manner, and so dazzled by her gorgeous dress as almost to think her beautiful. His brave heart, that had never failed him in battle or on the stormy

seas, now fluttered wildly in his breast like a frightened bird. Such was English loyalty in the olden time.

It had been showery that morning, and a little pool of water lay just across her majesty's path. As she came to this she paused, not being willing to spoil her gold-wrought slippers or risk getting a cold. Just as her minister, Lord Burleigh, was advising her to turn back and take another path, Walter Raleigh stepped forward, and, bowing very low, took from his shoulders his new court cloak of purple plush and spread it over the muddy place. The Queen smiled graciously on the young stranger; for she was pleased with his gallantry and ready wit, and not displeased with his elegant air and handsome face; then, setting her foot on the cloak, she walked daintily over it to the dry ground.

After she and her gay train had passed by, Raleigh took up his fine new cloak, now quite ruined. But almost as soon as that mud dried it seemed to turn to gold dust for him; for his gallant act won the kind regard of the Queen; and that brought fortune.

One day, being in one of the halls of the palace, he wrote on the glass of the window, with his diamond ring, the following line: —

"Fain would I climb; but yet I fear to fall."

Elizabeth observed him; and the next morning, much to his surprise and joy, he found this line, written underneath his, in the Queen's own hand: —

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.'

From this time Raleigh knew that Queen Elizabeth was disposed to befriend him, and he rapidly rose to the highest favor. For a while he was very happy, and I am afraid a little proud. It seemed to him to be a grand thing to be one of that great Queen's chosen friends; to have her confide in him, ask his advice, and praise his wisdom and eloquence; to receive titles and honors, to dress splendidly and live sumptuously, and be followed and flattered by a crowd of courtiers almost like a reigning prince.

He went down to Fardell about this time for a little visit, where he talked a great deal of the

Queen and the great people at her court; and every body wondered and admired, and was dazzled and delighted, except his mother. She was strangely sad and anxious; for she feared that this sudden favor and fortune would excite envy and ill-will, and that his own bold, adventurous spirit would bring on trouble and reverses. And then — though he was still good and loving — she saw that his old home-looks and ways were gone. She did not take to his fine court dress; and the night after he went away she unlocked an old chest and took out a faded school-boy suit, which he had worn when he first went away from home, and wept over it, and felt that the great world had indeed got her dear boy away from her, and that she could never, never have him back again.

After a while Walter Raleigh found that these same flattering courtiers were his secret enemies, plotting against him. He became restless and uncomfortable, and set out on another voyage. He was again unsuccessful, but no wise discouraged, and in the following year fitted out two ships and sailed for the New World. This time he discovered Virginia and founded a colony there.

It was Raleigh, I grieve to say, who first introduced the savage habit of smoking into civilized society; for it was on his return from this voyage that tobacco was first brought to England. It is related that one morning, shortly after he reached home, his servant coming into his library with a foaming tankard of ale, on seeing him sitting in a cloud of tobacco-smoke was so frightened by the strange sight that he threw the ale at his head to extinguish him, and, rushing down stairs, proclaimed that his master was on fire.

For several years Raleigh continued to make voyages of discovery and conquest, and gained great treasure and honor for himself and his country. Queen Elizabeth was grateful to him: she knighted him, and bestowed upon him new offices of trust and large estates.

Sir Walter Raleigh, as we will now call him, continued to be noble and upright, and never used his influence with his sovereign except for good and just purposes. He was honest and independent, and, whenever he differed from the Queen in opinion, told her so frankly. He so often interceded with her for those whom he

thought unjustly imprisoned or condemned that she once exclaimed, impatiently, —

"Sir Walter, when will you cease to be a beggar?"

"When your majesty ceases to be a benefactress," he answered.

Yet, for all the Queen's partiality for him, she was fearfully angry at his presuming to love and woo, without asking her consent, one of her maids of honor, the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton, and imprisoned him and his wife for several months in the Tower.

But she afterwards pardoned them, and again showered smiles and wealth upon Sir Walter. I do not know whether, with such a beautiful young wife, he cared very much for the elderly Queen's smiles; but money never came amiss to him; for he lived very extravagantly, and had almost as great a passion for costly dress as Queen Elizabeth herself. He tilted in silver armor: his sword and belt were set with diamonds, pearls, and rubies: on great occasions he appeared at court wearing thirty thousand pounds worth of jewels.

For the next eight or nine years Sir Walter

Raleigh's life was full of successes, conquests, and honors; but after the death of Queen Elizabeth all went badly with him. His enemies influenced James I. against him; and he was so slandered and persecuted that he joined in a wild conspiracy to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. For this he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. The King, however, reprieved him, but kept him imprisoned in the Tower for twelve years. Here it was that Sir Walter Raleigh best proved that he was a great and good man. He did not sink down in sullen despair and mope away his melancholy days, but went to work diligently and cheerfully for the good of the world. He wrote several noble works, and showed himself to be a rare scholar, a philosopher, an historian, and a poet.

At length he was released, but not formally pardoned. He found himself poor, forsaken by his old friends, and still persecuted by his foes. Yet his great courageous heart did not fail. He undertook a new voyage to Guiana — King James granting him a commission, in the hope of his bringing back much treasure. But

through treachery, and the folly of James himself in revealing the secret of the expedition to the Spanish minister, Raleigh suffered a disastrous defeat. In an unequal fight with the Spanish forces he lost his beloved eldest son. Returning almost heart-broken to England, Sir Walter was again arrested and committed to the Tower.

A set of wicked old judges, who only cared to decide as the King wished, and forgot that God would judge them, decided that the sentence of death pronounced upon him fifteen years ago was still in force, and should be executed. Sir Walter defended himself with wonderful eloquence; but it was of no use. He was again condemned, and the very next day was led to the scaffold. He died grandly as a brave soldier, but meekly as a true Christian. After addressing the multitude, he took the axe from the headsman and felt its edge, saying, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sure cure for all ills." He laid his head upon the block as calmly as though it were a pillow, and commended his soul to God as serenely as though saying his nightly prayer. The headsman was so

touched with reverence and pity that he hesitated to do his dreadful duty. Seeing this, Sir Walter said, "Strike, man — strike!" And he struck.

When that noble head — grown gray in toil and study, care and hardship — rolled upon the scaffold, a dismal groan went up from the crowd. Only selfish and ambitious courtiers had envied and hated Raleigh; the people had always loved and honored him; and many there were that wept for him that day and prayed that his soul might rest in God.

On the night before his execution Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a very affecting letter to his beloved wife, with some portions of which I will close this history: —

"You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more.

"I would not, with my will, present you sorrows, dear Bess: let them go to the grave with me and be buried in the dust. And, seeing

that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently and with a heart like yourself.

"First, I send you all the thanks that my heart can conceive or my words express for your many labors and cares for me, which though they have not taken effect as you wished, my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

"Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days, but by your labors seek to help the miserable fortunes of your poor child.

* * * * *

"To what friend to direct you I know not; for mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I that, being thus surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate. God hath prevented all my determinations — that great God who worketh all in all; and, if you can live free from want, care for no more; for the rest is vanity. Love God: in him you shall find true and endless comfort. Teach your son also to serve God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be a

husband to you and a father to him — a husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

"Dear wife, I beseech you pay all poor men. * * * Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life; but it was for you and yours that I desired it; for know it, dear wife, your child is the son of a true man, who in his own respect despiseth Death and his misshapen and ugly forms.

"I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world.

"Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherbourne, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother.

"I can say no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable, God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us

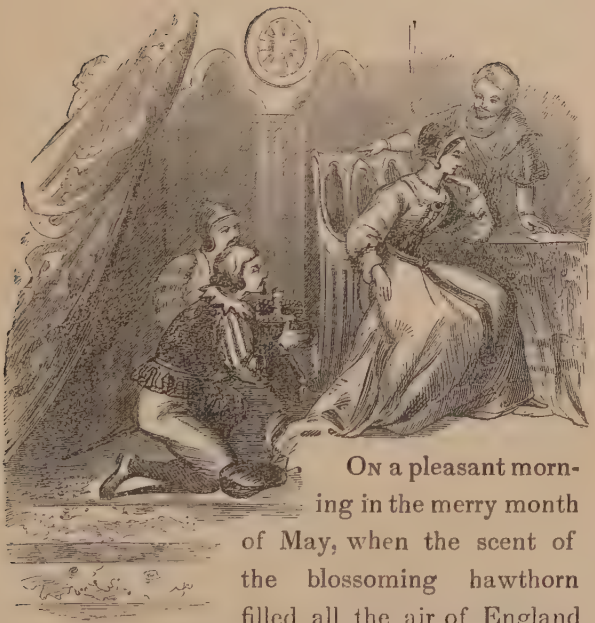
to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell! Bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

"Yours that was, but now not my own,

"WALTER RALEIGH."

The Tower, continued.

LADIES JANE AND CATHARINE GREY.



On a pleasant morning in the merry month of May, when the scent of the blossoming hawthorn filled all the air of England with delicious sweetness, and roses, violets, and honeysuckles seemed striving which should look the most beautiful and make the most fragrance, two little girls were sitting under the shade of a laurel tree, near the basin of a fountain, in the

garden of a grand old country residence called Bradgate, in Leicestershire. The names of these two young misses were Jane and Catharine Grey. They were the daughters of the Marquis of Dorset, — afterwards Duke of Suffolk, — and Lady Frances Brandon, who belonged to the royal family, being a niece of Henry VIII. So, little girls as they were, they bore the title of Lady.

The eldest, Lady Jane, was about twelve years of age — Lady Catharine a year or two younger. Both were beautiful and amiable, but very unlike. The Lady Jane was quiet, thoughtful, and remarkably fond of study; while the Lady Catharine was a restless, fearless, light-hearted child, who loved many things better than she loved her books. Lady Jane was always happy when at hard study, or receiving instruction from her masters, especially from her favorite tutor, the good and learned Roger Ascham, under whose teaching and guidance she became celebrated for her learning in the languages, sciences, and religion. She was an earnest Protestant, and was always able to give a reason for the faith she professed.

The Lady Catharine, though a good and docile pupil, fell far behind her sister in her attainments. She could hardly be said to have been fond of study; but she endured it very well. In truth, like a few — I trust a very few — little girls in our own country and time, she often preferred play to books. She had such a passion for the open air, the wooded park, the breezy downs, the murmur of winds among the trees, the wild melody of the birds, the plash of fountains, the tinkle of pebbly brooks, the glow of sunshine, and the beauty of flowers, that her school-room too often seemed to her a dreary, weary place of confinement; and she used to pity herself, as a poor helpless prisoner in the dungeons of the cruel giant "Useful Knowledge," and think herself very hardly used indeed. Alas! the time came when she better knew what imprisonment was.

This was the morning of a holiday. Lady Catharine had been running about the garden and grounds, chasing butterflies, mocking the birds, and dancing to the dash of the waterfall; and now she had just returned with her arms full of roses, lilies, and glossy laurel leaves; and flinging herself down, all flushed and panting,

upon a bank of violets by the side of her grave sister, she exclaimed, half petulantly, half lovingly, —

"I prithee, Jane, lay aside that tiresome Greek book. Thou wilt mope thyself to death over thy dull old Plato. Certes, sister, I marvel much thy tender conscience will allow thee to so batter thy poor brains and waste thy precious time over knotty heathen philosophies."

The Lady Jane shook her head reprovingly, as she replied, —

"Ah, Kate! Kate! thou art a froward and a naughty child to speak thus saucily of the 'divine Plato,' as Master Roger Ascham nameth him."

"Master Roger Ascham," said Lady Catharine, "is tiresome too; and Master Harding and Master Aylmer are also exceeding dull and prosy. I would that thou and I and our cousin Edward had never seen a word of Greek or Latin, but could barely read and write our own homely English. Methinks we should then have been freer and merrier, and led sensible, Christian lives, like — like — the birds and the deer."

"Sister," said the Lady Jane, gravely, "me-

thinks it is time thou shouldst speak less familiarly of the King's majesty, the high and mighty Edward VI."

"Why, sister dear," said Lady Catharine, with a proud toss of her pretty head, "is he *not* our cousin? and are we not also of royal blood? I ween the honor is not all on *our* side. Thou mayst 'King's majesty' him as much as it pleaseth thee; but as for me, I will say 'our cousin Edward' till he does an unprincely act, and then I will disown him."

"Thou wilt, wilt thou? Marry, thou hast a bold spirit, coz!" exclaimed a pleasant voice behind them. Both started, looked round, and blushed. Then Lady Jane rose suddenly and bent one knee in joyful homage; but the wilful Lady Catharine only bowed her head till its golden curls fell over her laughing eyes, and pointed to her lap full of flowers as an excuse for not rising.

The visitor was the young King, Edward VI. It was in the second year of his reign, and he was about eleven years of age. He was a slender, delicate boy, with a mild, thoughtful face, and nothing very kingly in his appearance except

his dress, which was extremely costly and elegant. In his early childhood he had often visited and played with his cousins, the Ladies Jane and Catharine Grey; and when he was called to the throne by the death of his father, Henry VIII., he still continued his friendship, preferring them to his proud sisters, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth. Now, having made a formal visit to their noble parents, he had chosen to search for them in the garden unattended. He found them without much difficulty; for even titled little girls — little girls with royal blood in their veins — do not always laugh and talk as softly as they should.

The boy-king first gallantly lifted the Lady Jane and kissed her on both cheeks; then he kissed Lady Catharine and pinched her ear, saying that she was the sauciest Kate in all his kingdom; and then he seated himself between the sisters and began talking in a grand, lofty style, which Lady Jane thought very proper for a monarch, but which rather amused Lady Catharine. He complained that the cares of state, and the pomp, forms, and labors of royalty, so absorbed him that he had little time for

recreation — scarce two hours in the day to give to his old favorites — Cicero, and Plato, and Virgil. And then he asked how his fair cousins got on with their classics.

"Well and ill," answered Lady Catharine; "sister the first, I the last. In sooth she does not miss thee in her study half so grievously as I miss thee in my play; for thou wert right blithe of heart and mirthsome of speech ere thou didst become a *great* King."

As Lady Catharine said this she looked up at the slender boy in an arch, quizzical way he didn't quite like. So, to turn the talk from himself, he said, —

"Prithee, Kate, what art thou weaving of those flowers?"

"Marry, royal cousin, a wreath for our grave Lady Jane, to make her look blither for our holiday; and, now it is finished, thou thyself shalt crown her."

"I'faith, right willingly will we assist at the coronation of so fair a queen of the May," said the King; and taking the wreath, woven of roses, lilies, and laurels, he lightly laid it on the brow of his cousin. But it proved to be much

too large for her delicate head, and, being very heavy, slid down over her face and hung about her neck.

The three children laughed at first; but when King Edward, in removing the wreath, accidentally wounded his cousin with a sharp thorn hid among the roses, which made a cruel scratch across her white throat, they all became serious.

The thoughtful Lady Jane, while wiping away the blood, moralized about crowns being perilous things, till she saw that King Edward looked a little uncomfortable, when she dropped the subject and took up Plato; and presently the two young pedants got deep into a solemn Greek discourse, and made believe they understood it all and liked it as well as though it were an English ballad or a fairy tale; but I very much doubt if they did.

Lady Catharine wandered off by herself wherever the sunshine seemed the brightest or the birds sang sweetest. Suddenly, at a turning of a sheltered garden walk, she met two gay young courtiers belonging to the King's suite. They were sauntering idly along, with their gilded spurs jingling and their jewelled swords clang-

ing at their sides. The youngest, who was a bold, reckless boy, seeing the Lady Catharine unattended, and not knowing her, started forward and addressed her in a light, familiar tone. But his companion drew him aside, and, lifting his own richly-plumed hat, bowed low as the frightened girl passed quickly by; though neither did he know that she was a titled lady. If he had thought that she was only the gardener's daughter it would have been all the same. Some years after Lady Catharine Grey knew both these young noblemen. The eldest was the Earl of Hertford; and the youngest was Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke.

As Lady Jane Grey grew towards womanhood she retained her love of study and became more and more famous for her learning. Her masters said that she spoke French, Italian, Latin, and Greek with astonishing fluency, and read the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. But you know we can make some allowance for masters. Those worthy men may have been tempted, for their own credit as tutors, to make her out a greater prodigy than she was. They may have merely

introduced her to some of those venerable old tongues, if they did not throw in a language or two in making up the list. But, without doubt, she was a very learned young lady for those times, and, what was better, very amiable, pious, and benevolent. Poor people loved her, and the great people of the court honored her — a good deal on her own account, but mostly because the King set the fashion.

As for Lady Catharine, she continued the same proud, wayward, mirthful girl till great sorrows bowed her brave spirit and saddened her merry heart.

At the age of sixteen Lady Jane Grey was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. The wedding was one of great pomp and splendor; and every body said that so beautiful a bride and bridegroom had never been seen at the English court. On the same day the Lady Catharine was betrothed — against her will I hope — to Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke.

Lord Guilford Dudley was very young, but a brave and gallant nobleman; and Lady Jane loved him fondly, and looked forward to many

happy years as his wife. But her father-in-law, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, had other views for her.

That very year the health of King Edward, which had never been very robust, began to decline alarmingly fast. The gentle boy was very much under the control of his favorite adviser, the Duke of Northumberland, and by him was persuaded to make a will setting aside the rights of his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and appointing his beloved cousin, Lady Jane Grey, his successor to the throne.

The young King did this, not because he was wanting in affection for his sisters, but because he thought that Lady Jane, being an enlightened Protestant, would be a better sovereign for the English people than the Princess Mary, who was a bigoted Catholic — or the Princess Elizabeth in whose religious principles he had little confidence.

On the 6th of July, 1553, the amiable young King died at his palace at Greenwich. Two days after the Duke of Northumberland and other great Lords waited on the Lady Jane at Sion House to inform her of his majesty's death,

to acquaint her with his last will, and to offer her the crown and sceptre, hailing her as the Queen of England.

At the first announcement, the poor, timid girl was so overcome by surprise, grief, and terror that she fainted and fell to the ground.

Her father raised her and placed her on a chair of state; and as soon as she had revived all knelt in homage before her, while Northumberland reverently proffered her the crown. This she refused again and again with tears and strong protestations, though her proud mother wept, and her stern father commanded, and Northumberland argued and stormed. But when her husband stepped forward and took her hand, and looked pleadingly into her eyes, and begged that she would accept the crown for *his* sake, and when they promised her that *he* should have a seat beside her on the throne and share in all the power and glory of royalty, she felt her loving heart give way, and said, sadly, "Do with me as thou wilt; but, O Guilford, my soul misgiveth me that no good will come of such as I aspiring to so high an estate. If you love me truly, sweet friends, you will rather wish me a secure and

quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition, exposed to the tempests, and to be followed by some dismal fall." Then, sinking on her knees, clasping her hands, and raising her tearful eyes towards heaven, she said, fervently, —

"If the right be truly mine, O gracious God, give me strength, I pray most earnestly, so to rule as to promote thy honor and my country's good."

On the very same day that Jane was proclaimed Queen in London, Mary was proclaimed at Norwich. Then commenced the struggle and the fighting. For a while it was doubtful which of the two the people would favor. The majority would have probably preferred a Protestant sovereign; but the English people have always had a remarkable reverence for Kings, and the children of Kings, and for the blood royal, where it runs richest and thickest; and so the Princess Mary, daughter of that kingly Bluebeard, Henry VIII., and Katharine of Arragon, carried it over simple Lady Jane, daughter of Henry Grey and Frances Brandon. After a troubled reign of ten days, Queen Jane was informed by her father that her cause was lost — that she must lay

down her crown, take off her royal robes, and retire to private life.

Lady Jane received this news meekly, almost joyfully; returned to Sion House with her husband, and began again to dream of a happy life of love, and peace, and usefulness. Alas! it was never to be in this world.

By Queen Mary's command, she was soon after arrested and committed to the Tower. Her husband, her father, the Duke of Northumberland, and many other friends were also imprisoned there. Of these all were pardoned except Northumberland and "Guilford Dudley and his wife," as Queen Mary slightingly called them. The two last were kept in separate and strict confinement for nearly eight months, when the Queen signed their death warrant.

The Lady Jane had borne all the sorrow and humiliation of her lot with the utmost patience and sweetness. Among the hardest of her trials were the persevering efforts made by the Queen's priests to persuade her to renounce her Protestant faith and become a Roman Catholic; but the noble woman stood firm to her sacred principles, and heeded neither threats nor entreaties. When sen-

tence of death was pronounced against her, the priests redoubled their zeal and arguments; but in vain. Nothing moved her calm soul from its deep trust in God. On the last night of her life, when two learned bishops came, with a forlorn hope of converting her, she astonished them by the clearness of her reason, the wisdom of her arguments, and the serenity and meek confidence of her spirit. In spite of their blind bigotry, they felt when they went away that they had been conversing with a saint, and that there would soon be another angel among the blessed.

Lord Guilford had obtained the Queen's consent to a last interview with his wife that night; but she declined to see him, for fear that the dreadful parting would overcome the fortitude of both. But, to cheer his poor heart, she reminded him that the separation would be but for a very little while, and then they would meet in a world where disappointment, suffering, and death would never, never come to interrupt their wedded happiness.

She wrote a farewell letter to her sister Catharine, in the Greek language, on the flyleaf of her Testament. Then she prayed and composed

herself to sleep, that she might be calm and strong in the morning. God's angels ministered to her, so that she slept peacefully, and dreamed of her home and her mother, instead of the axe and the headsman.

Lord Guilford Dudley was first led to execution. From her grated window his wife saw him go forth from the Tower to death, and thought of that proud but fatal day on which he had first entered it, in pomp and splendor, by her side, when she came to be proclaimed Queen from that ancient prison-palace. Now the poor youth looked pale and wasted, and his eyes were swollen with weeping; but he ascended the scaffold with a firm tread, and died with heroic calmness and resignation.

The Lady Jane was executed within the court of the Tower. From the scaffold she briefly addressed the people. She admitted that she had erred in accepting the crown, but solemnly declared that she had meant no evil, but sought to do what was best for the people and the reformed religion. She said that she hoped for pardon and salvation only through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then begged the spec-

tators to pray for her. She knelt down and repeated a fervent prayer; then she rose and bared her neck for the axe. Her eyes were bandaged, and she was led to the block. She laid her beautiful head down quietly, and said, in a sweet, clear voice, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The headsman swung his axe in the air; it gleamed terrible in the sunshine, then fell, with a dull, heavy sound; and all was over.

Shortly after the execution of his daughter, the Duke of Suffolk, who had been a second time arrested for treason, was also beheaded. The surviving members of his family were treated with harshness and distrust by the Queen and neglected by the servile and bigoted court. Even Lord Herbert, the betrothed husband of Lady Catharine, forsook them, and, false dastard that he was, refused to fulfil his engagement. But she was happier rid of him than she could possibly have been as his wife; and she doubtless scorned him, and thanked Heaven for her own release.

When Elizabeth became Queen she was jealous of Lady Catharine, who had inherited

her sister's right, such as it was, to the throne, and wished to keep her in obscurity and prevent her marrying any powerful nobleman. So, when the Lady Catharine and the brave and true-hearted Earl of Hertford found that they dearly loved one another, they did not dare to let her majesty know it, but were privately married. After a while, Elizabeth found out their secret, and in her rage and spite had them both arrested and committed to the Tower. But her anger and cruelty could not part that devoted husband and wife. They loved tenderly, firmly, and faithfully, and thanked God for each other to the last.

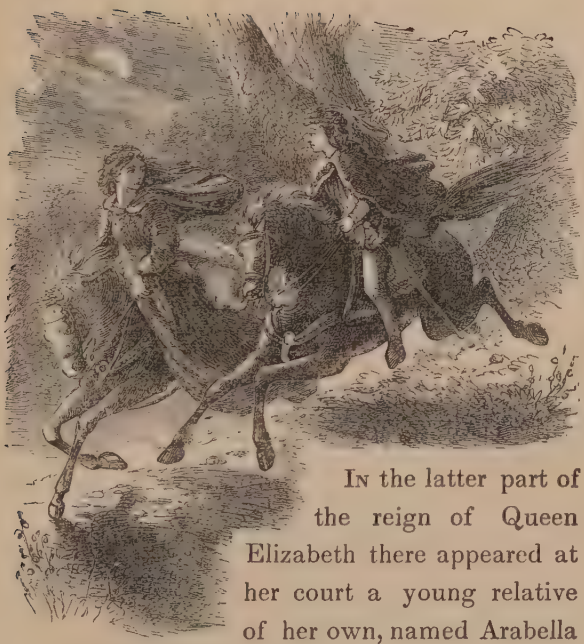
After an imprisonment of seven years, during which time she had three children born in the gloomy Tower, Lady Catharine Hertford died of a broken heart, making her lonely prison-chamber a bright and blessed place by her angelic resignation. When she knew that her last hour was come, she took off her wedding ring and desired that it should be sent to her husband, who was not permitted to come to her when she was dying. She then embraced her three little boys with prayers and a few tears

which she could not keep back. Then she closed her eyes with her own hands and went softly to sleep in the love of Jesus.

Lord Hertford was released after a longer imprisonment of three years. He lived to be an old man; but the love of his unfortunate young wife was ever a constant memory in his heart, sweet, though mournful, like the scent of the votive wreaths that withered over her grave.

The Tower, continued.

ARABELLA STUART.



In the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth there appeared at her court a young relative of her own, named Arabella Stuart.

"The Lady Arabella," as she was always called, was the only child of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, and Elizabeth Cavendish, of Hardwick. Her father was of the royal blood

of both England and Scotland; for he was the great-grandson of Henry VII. and the uncle of James VI. He died at the early age of twenty-one, leaving his daughter with no protector in the perilous great world to which she was born.

The Lady Arabella was very carefully educated by her grandmother, the old Countess of Lenox, who lived in London. As she grew up to womanhood she became celebrated for her talents and accomplishments and for the elegance and grace of her manners. She became the ornament of that splendid court, where she was admired for her wit and learning, and loved and wondered at for her kind, generous heart, her frankness of speech and innocent ways, and for her bright, sunshiny disposition.

This was the time when Elizabeth Tudor had finally, with much reluctance, begun to realize that, great Queen as she was, — powerful, renowned, magnificent, — she was getting to be an old and a decidedly ugly woman; and accordingly she grew harsher and sourer, more testy and tyrannical, every day. Of course she made all the people about her unhappy and uncomfort-

able; though they were far enough from letting her know they felt so, I'll warrant. No; they doubtless assured her that she was a saint for goodness and a lamb for amiability; and when, at seventy years of age, she went stiffly and rheumatically through the court dances, in her towering wig, her immense ruff, and hooped petticoat, wily courtiers who wanted gifts and offices professed to be in raptures with her sylph-like figure, graceful movements, and sweet, youthful smile; and designing court ladies, though ever so young and blooming, coyly hung back when asked to join the *minuet*, declaring with a simper that they really could not make figures of themselves after such dancing as that.

Yet, though they flattered her to her face in this fulsome manner, there is little doubt but that they privately relieved their feelings by ridiculing her vanity and ugliness; and some of them, I am afraid, in their secret hearts wished her quietly laid away in her royal tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Such, dear children, were courts and courtiers in those old times — sometimes wrongly called "the *good* old times."

The young Lady Arabella was like a singing-bird, a wild flower, a bounding doe, a laughing brook, a gleam of sunlight — any thing cheerful, sweet, glad, and natural — in that stiff, formal, cold, and hypocritical place.

But Queen Elizabeth was jealous of her, as she had been of Lady Catharine Grey, for the same absurd reason, — her royal blood, — and treated her with cruel suspicion and harshness. She was particularly set against her marrying; and when a son of the Duke of Northumberland addressed her, and she was pleased with him, and they were having a pleasant correspondence and looking forward to a happy life together, Elizabeth, like the tyrannical Queen she was, came between them and parted them forever. She placed the Lady Arabella in confinement, and kept her there until she thought her sufficiently punished for her presumption and disobedience.

As for the young noble, he seems to have been but a faint-hearted lover; for he quietly yielded to the Queen, and abandoned Arabella, probably contenting himself with a wife less dangerously allied to royalty, and less obnoxious to

Elizabeth, on the ground of talents and beauty, as well as illustrious birth.

When her cousin, James VI., of Scotland, ascended the throne of the United Kingdoms, Lady Arabella Stuart hoped for a brighter and easier life. But no; matters were only worse; and she was at last convinced that, unless she could drain every drop of that fatal royal blood from her veins, she could never cease to be an object of distrust to the reigning sovereign, whether Tudor or Stuart.

To add greatly to her misfortunes, her name was made use of, without her leave or knowledge, by a set of mad adventurers who conspired to depose King James and seat her on the throne.

It was little wonder that the English people were disgusted with their new Scottish King, who, besides being coarse, ill-made, awkward, and altogether ungentlemanly, was violent-tempered, obstinate, conceited, tyrannical, shallow-pated, and pedantic. In short, it seems proved by the history of his time that a more contemptible monarch never sat on the throne of England for any length of time; and that is saying a great deal. The Lady Arabella, on the other

hand, was a good, wise, and gracious lady, and would probably have made an excellent Queen. Nevertheless it was a wild and hopeless scheme; for James had the legal right, *possession*, which, it is said, is "nine points of the law;" and the English people were not yet strong and free enough to disregard these things when royal prerogatives were abused and honest loyalty sought to be degraded into slavish submission.

This unfortunate plot was the one in which Sir Walter Raleigh was so unhappily implicated. The Lady Arabella was present during the trial of the conspirators, and denied having had any knowledge of their designs. It was even proved that, when a letter was sent her to warn her that she was suspected of such a plot, she laughed over it, in her frank, light-hearted way, and sent it to the King.

But, though there was not the slightest evidence against her, and she was honorably acquitted, she was always afterwards obliged to endure cold neglect and petty persecutions from the King and royal family, and consequently the court. She grew retired, studious, and religious in her habits, shunning the gay world as

much as possible. And the court grew not a little more tiresome for this. There was no one to take her place; and her lively talk and charming manners were missed even by those who were too stupid or ungenerous to acknowledge her rare talents and goodness.

It was generally thought that the Lady Arabella would never marry, she had become so thoughtful and reserved, and appeared so entirely devoted to learning and religion. It seems that the King thought so; for he gave her a written permission to wed, provided she chose for her husband one of his subjects. He made a great parade about this, as though it were an act of wonderful generosity.

But by this time the Lady Arabella understood her royal kinsman; and when she found that in her deepest heart she loved William Seymour, son of the Earl of Beauchamp, and that all the joy of her sorrowful, persecuted life was in the dear love he gave her, she did not dare to bestow her hand upon him before the world, or to inform the King of her attachment, but was privately married, as the Lady Catharine Grey had been.

By the way, this William Seymour was a

grandson of Lady Catharine and the Earl of Hertford; so he came of a brave and faithful stock.

This happy union was soon interrupted. The secret of the marriage was discovered, and, by some ill-natured courtier, conveyed to the King, who proceeded to take vengeance on the offenders. Mr. Seymour was at once imprisoned in the Tower. The Lady Arabella was committed to the custody of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, but soon after removed to the house of a Mr. Conyers, at Highgate, where she was not so closely watched but that she had opportunities to write and send letters to her husband, who found means to send her loving and cheering replies. So this true-hearted pair comforted each other under their trials, and thus were happy for a while, in spite of their tyrannical sovereign.

But some base little spy of a bird, who ought to have been on better business, carried tidings of this correspondence to the ear of the King, who fretted, and stormed, and swore in broad Scotch, and commanded that the Lady Arabella should be removed to Durham and kept in close confinement there.

A friend gave the poor woman timely warning; and she, in her grief and terror at the prospect of this further separation, wrote to her husband, begging him to arrange some plan of escape for them both.

The noble Seymour had made so many friends in the Tower that he was not strictly guarded, but allowed to walk about the courts and see his friends privately. So he wrote to his wife, laying a very ingenious plan for her to escape, giving her particular directions, and promising to join her at Lee, and cross the channel with her to France, in a vessel which she would find waiting for them.

On the night before the day set for her journey to Durham, the Lady Arabella, assisted by a faithful serving woman named Markam, disguised herself completely in male attire. She put on a doublet, a pair of long French hose, a large wig of light hair covering her dark locks, a black hat, a cloak, and a pair of high top-boots.

Then she buckled about her slender waist a long, light sword, called a rapier, — trembling at the very touch of it, — and so went out with Markam quite unsuspected.

They walked a mile and a half to an inn, where one of Seymour's friends was awaiting them with horses.

When the Lady Arabella mounted she was so faint with terror and fatigue that the hostler who held the stirrup for her said he feared "that young gentleman would hardly hold out to London."

But the brisk exercise in the cool night air revived her; and after a while she grew strong, courageous, and cheerful, and even laughed with Markam about her manly way of riding, which of course was strange and awkward to her.

About six o'clock in the morning they reached Blackwall, where they found two men, a gentlewoman, and a waiting-maid, with two boats — one to receive them, and the other filled with the trunks and valuables of Mr. Seymour and his wife.

They hastened from Blackwall to Woolwich, from Woolwich to Gravesend, and from Gravesend to Lee, where they went at once on board the French bark which was lying at anchor. Here the Lady Arabella wished to remain until her husband should come;

but her followers and the captain of the vessel thought it not prudent, and, against her tearful entreaties, hoisted sail and put out to sea, only promising her to hover as near as was safe to the English coast, that Seymour might join them.

In the mean time Mr. Seymour had safely effected his escape from the Tower by disguising himself as a countryman, in a coarse cloth suit, with a black wig and a false beard, and boldly walked out of the great west gate beside a cart that had brought him a load of fagots. The woodman who took his place for a little while was well paid for his pains, I can assure you.

Mr. Seymour then passed quietly along the Tower wharf, by the warders of the south gate, to where one of his faithful friends was waiting for him with a boat. They rowed to Lee, and found to their grief that the French bark had weighed anchor and was gone. But there was a ship in the distance that they hoped was it. Though a storm was coming on, and the waves were rising very high, Mr. Seymour hired a fisherman to take him out to this vessel. Alas! it was not the right one. Then, in his sorrowful

perplexity, almost in despair, he hailed a Newcastle coal-craft, and for a large sum induced the master to alter its course and land him in Flanders — probably hoping that his wife would be able to join him there.

Now, when the news of the escape of the Lady Arabella and William Seymour came to the King he stormed worse than ever, swore several hard oaths in broad Scotch, raved up and down his cabinet, kicked the pet spaniel of his handsome favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, and behaved in a most unkingly manner generally; all because a faithful and loving husband and wife had made a brave effort to live together, as they had promised before God to do. He ordered that a vessel of war should at once be sent after the fugitives. This ship soon came up with the French bark, which was lingering for Mr. Seymour, and fired into her thirteen shot before she would surrender.

The Lady Arabella was taken and lodged in the Tower, bravely protesting, it is said, that she was more glad that her husband had escaped from it than she was sorry to enter it herself, as *his* happiness was of far more consequence than

her own. But, poor man! little happiness came to his sad heart after that dreadful disappointment. He lived for several years in Flanders, a lonely, sorrowful exile — ever looking longingly towards his country, that he dared not revisit — ever thinking of his noble wife as sitting in her gloomy prison chamber, sadly musing over the brief, happy days of their love, or as weeping wildly and stretching out her arms towards him — as sometimes despairing utterly, and sometimes vainly hoping for deliverance.

The Lady Arabella was brought before the King's Privy Council and very sternly examined. She replied to all their questioning with frankness and admirable judgment, and bore herself far more royally than the miserable, jealous-minded monarch that opposed her. Nothing treasonable could be proved against her; and yet she was sent back to the Tower. O, what a foreboding gloom fell on her once glad spirit, what a deathlike chill shot through her brave, warm heart, as she passed once again under the cold shadows of those dark prison portals!

About a year from this time the Lady Arabella sent word to her cousin, the King, that she

had some very important disclosures to make. So the King, rubbing his hands in savage glee at having brought the proud woman to terms, called a Privy Council, in great haste, to hear what she had to disclose.

The prisoner appeared before them and made some very startling disclosures indeed — so startling that the base King turned pale, and all those hardened old lords looked shocked, almost grieved. She revealed that sorrow, persecution, and imprisonment had driven her mad! Yes; the once gay and gifted Lady Arabella Stuart was a maniac!

Again her cousin, the King, sent her back to the Tower, perhaps thinking it the best place to hide the dreadful work of his injustice and cruelty.

But even those massive prison walls could not shut the disgraceful and horrible truth from the world. The story of the Lady Arabella's wrongs and sufferings, despair and madness, got abroad, and few were so careless or hard-hearted as not to feel for her. Women talked of her sadly at their firesides, while their children wept around; rough men spoke her name

in pitying tones, saying, "Alack! a woful ending to the faithful loves of so fair a dame and so gracious a gentleman!" — while brave youths, listening, played with the hilts of their swords and cursed the King in their secret hearts.

At last the fearful tidings reached William Seymour, and made all the sorrow that had gone before seem as nothing. After that he no longer thought of his Arabella as sitting in quiet grief, thinking of him and remembering the dear old happy days, but as shrieking out incoherent words and singing wild ballads; as clad in a coarse garb; as bound and struggling in fierce frenzy; or as moping in speechless melancholy, slowly sinking into the deep stupor of idiocy.

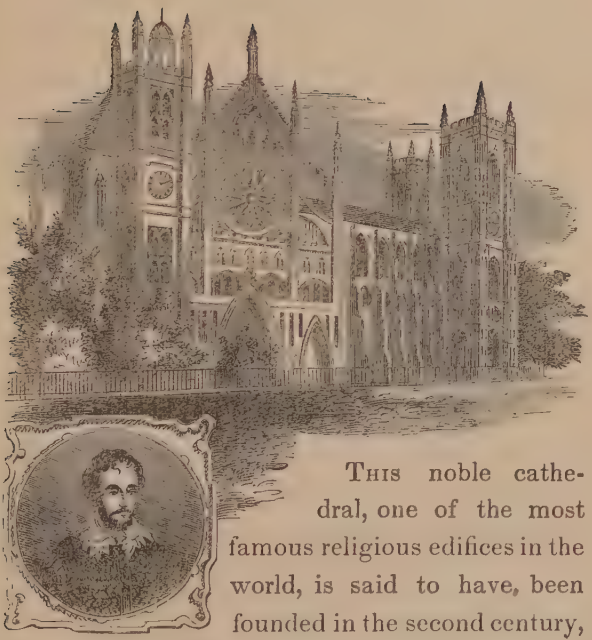
So he suffered while three miserable years dragged on; and then, it is said, a sweet vision was sent to comfort him. He dreamed he saw his beloved wife, smiling with love and happiness, clothed in beautiful garments, pure white, like her wedding dress — in her "right mind," sitting at the feet of Him who came to

comfort the sorrowful and "open the prison doors to them that are bound."

When William Seymour awoke from this dream he was at peace, and he said, "Now I know it is well with her." And it was well. The Lady Arabella was dead.

Westminster Abbey.

THE TWO WILLS.



This noble cathedral, one of the most famous religious edifices in the world, is said to have been founded in the second century, upon the site of a Roman temple dedicated to Apollo. But there is no very authentic record of it before the time of Edward the Confessor. He rebuilt it in what was then considered a splendid style of architecture, and expended immense sums

upon it. He appointed a great many monks to live there, and gave them a great deal of money, that they might be easy and comfortable; and in return they flattered and fawned upon him, put him in the conceit that he could work miracles by touching people for the "King's evil," and made a saint of him after he was dead.

From his time down to a recent reign the abbey has been growing in beauty and importance, though it has suffered sadly in various revolutions, and is far less splendid in some respects than it was before the old Catholic worship was done away. It looks somewhat too dark and dreary without the rich altars, the golden chalices and candlesticks, the burning tapers and incense, the pictures and images of saints, angels, the Blessed Virgin and the Child Jesus, which once made it so brilliant and beautiful a show. But the English people, although they love beauty and splendor, thank God for this change. It is better to give freedom and the Bible to the poor than to decorate altars; and darkened churches are better than darkened souls.

Westminster Abbey is not so magnificent as

York Minster, nor so imposing as St. Paul's Cathedral; but it is more interesting than either, because of its age, its history, and the many tombs of distinguished people which it contains.

In the old churchyard without are a multitude of graves covered with flat stone slabs. Nearly all the inscriptions are so worn away that one tries in vain to decipher them. I thought, as I walked over these stones, that perhaps many of those who sleep in the unknown graves below may have been in their lives noble and good, though not deemed worthy of a burial among heroes, princes, and poets within the minster. And then I thought of a surer record for such, and rejoiced in the promise that the names of the righteous shall be carved on the imperishable tablets of God's remembrance.

Westminster Abbey is a vast edifice, built, like all ancient cathedrals, in the form of a cross, with so many aisles and chapels that it seems like a congregation of small churches with one grand roof over all.

Dear children, I truly wish that I could give you such a description of Westminster Abbey as would make it stand and shine out before

you in all its immensity and solemn beauty. But, as this cannot be, I must content myself with speaking of some of the most interesting objects which it contains, and leave the grand building itself to your imaginations till that happy hour when you may behold it with your own wondering, delighted eyes.

In the south transept is what is called "The Poet's Corner," because here are the tombs or tablets of many of the most famous poets of England. To this spot all who love poetry first turn their steps. The oldest tomb here is that of Chaucer, who, you will remember, lived in the time of Edward III. and Queen Philippa. The next is that of Edmund Spenser, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and was one of the most wonderful poets that ever was known. His soul was as full of beauty and melody as an English wood in summer is of flowers and bird-songs. He had a pure spirit, a gentle heart; and the world has been brighter and happier for his having lived and written. But alas! his own life was one of trial and suffering, though he was much courted and flattered in the first days of his fame. His friend Ben Jonson states that

he actually died of want in London, and that, just at the last, he refused twenty pieces of gold sent him by the Earl of Essex, saying "he was sorry he had no time to spend them."

But when he was dead his great friends rallied about him and made a grand funeral for him in the abbey. When his body, once admired for its symmetry and beauty, but now worn with care and wasted with famine, was let down into the grave, his brother poets threw in upon it elegies and epitaphs. Alas! so it too often is in this world. People are more ready to go to great funerals than to seek out the suffering, and find it cheaper to write elegies for the dead than to furnish bread for the starving.

Yet there was one among that group of poets who, you may rely on it, would have shared his last crust with his friend, had he known of his need. This was a play-actor and writer whom he called "gentle Willy," but whom the world will know forever as William Shakspeare.

The next poet buried here was Francis Beaumont. He had a dear friend whose name was Fletcher. The two always lived and worked together, and wrote so much alike that nobody

could tell their writings apart. They loved each other so well in life that it was almost cruel to separate them in death; but Fletcher was not buried in the abbey.

Next in interest are the tombs of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, the great actor, and Sheridan, the brilliant wit.

In this corner is the tomb of one Thomas Parr, who actually lived in the reigns of ten different sovereigns, and died at the prodigious age of a hundred and fifty-two years! Poor old man! He must have feared that God had forgotten him.

The most beautiful of all the chapels is that of Henry VII. One can hardly imagine that this could ever have been more magnificent than now; yet it has doubtless been much injured and defaced since the time of its royal founder.

In the nave of this chapel the Knights of the Bath have always been installed. In old times the candidates for this honor were obliged to take a cold bath and afterwards watch all night; but in modern times both the bath and the vigil have been omitted by special order, as a disagreeable and dangerous duty — that is, when

the young knight happened to be a Prince of the blood.

The principal tombs in this chapel are those of Henry VII., his Queen, and his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond; Queen Mary; Mary, Queen of Scots; Queen Elizabeth; King James I., his Queen and children, and the Lady Arabella Stuart; Queen Anne, and her husband, Prince George of Denmark; William III. and his Queen; the famous Duke of Buckingham; the poet Addison; and that noble Lord Orsory of whom his father, the Duke of Ormond, said, in the midst of his grief, "I would not exchange my *dead* son for any living son in Christendom."

In this chapel there is a white marble sarcophagus, which contains some bones found in an oaken chest in the Tower during the reign of Charles II., and supposed to be the remains of the young King Edward V., and his brother, Richard of York, who were murdered by order of their uncle, Richard III.

As I stood beside this I shuddered, and the tears started to my eyes as I thought of those two poor innocent boys, smothered to death by

brutal wretches, as they lay locked in each other's arms, dreaming pleasant dreams, perhaps, of happy days gone by forever, or of the heart-broken mother they were nevermore to behold.

The story of a murder like this is a blood-stain on the page of history that nothing can erase; and the horror of men at such a murderer grows deeper and deeper age after age. Since Richard of Gloucester fell on Bosworth Field the world has made its great journey around the sun more than three hundred and fifty times; yet it has never rolled out of the shadow of his crimes.

In the chapel of St. Paul, among the grand monuments of lords and ladies, stands a colossal statue of James Watt, the great engineer, who, among other noble works, improved the steam-engine and brought it to its present perfect state. I was glad to see this statue in Westminster Abbey; for, after the best of the poets, none of the great people here buried have done so much good for the world as James Watt.

In the chapel of the Kings there is a beautiful figure of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., which lies on her tomb Old as it is, there is nothing

so graceful and lovely in all the abbey. The tombs of Edward III. and the noble Queen Philippa are also in this chapel.

Here are kept the old coronation-chairs of the Kings and Queens of England, and the famous stone of Scone, on which the early Scottish Kings were crowned. The Scots held it in the highest veneration, and had many wonderful traditions concerning it — the most absurd of which were, that it was the pillow on which Jacob rested his head on the night when he had the beautiful dream of a ladder full of angels; and that it was once owned by the warlike Scythians; and that, when a native Prince seated himself on it to be crowned, it gave out sounds like thunder and cried "God save the King" in good Scythian.

The poor Scots were greatly grieved when Edward I. took this rare stone from them. They would rather he had taken its weight in silver, provided so much of that precious metal could have been raised in all Scotland.

The great drawback to one's pleasure in visiting Westminster Abbey is the fact that you cannot go about by yourself and see things at

your leisure, but must be conducted by a stupid-looking personage called a verger, who, after making you pay a shilling, hurries you through the chapels, giving you a lesson about the tombs, which he has by heart, and repeats in a pompous, sing-song tone, and in very bad English.

This is very trying indeed; but we must bear it, for it seems to be one of the fixed institutions — some say impositions — of the country.

THE TWO WILLS.

In the cloudy month of April, in the year 1509, in his royal chamber in his new palace of Richmond, the mighty monarch, King Henry VII., lay dying with the gout. He was in great distress both in body and mind; for, whenever there was a little lull in that terrible gout-torture, his conscience set in to lash and sting him till his very soul writhed in agony. He had been a guileful, perfidious, cruel man — not bold in wickedness like his predecessor, Richard III., but hiding his evil deeds from the world;

and now his secret crimes looked out at him from the dark corners of his memory, like threatening demon-faces. His dear friends the priests tried to comfort him. They told him that he had been a very good King and a most exemplary son of the church. Still they admitted that he had committed a few trifling errors, and for his human weaknesses and little sins perhaps it would be as well for him to give something more to the church, and make some provision for masses to be said for his royal soul after it should have parted from his royal body. King Henry, who knew his own sins best, thought so too, and left in his will directions for a costly tomb to be erected in his chapel before the high altar. He made many rich bequests to this altar, and left a large sum of money to pay for wax tapers which should be kept perpetually burning, and masses to be perpetually said for the repose of his soul. Then he besought his son Henry to right some of the wrongs he had done and restore some of the property he had unjustly confiscated. Think of his asking Henry VIII. to do that! And then he bowed his crowned head and yielded to a mon-

arch greater than he, a tyrant yet more inexorable — grim King Death.

In the smiling month of June, in the same year, there sat, propped up in a chair of state, before an open window that looked out upon a pleasant lawn, a noble lady — Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of King Henry VII. She, too, was dying; but tranquil and almost painless was her passing away; for her heart was at peace with the world, and her soul already reposed in God.

All day long, great people — princes and princesses, lords and ladies — had been coming to pay their respects for the last time before she should depart from the world and the court forever; and though she each time lifted her head and extended her hand in her old proud and stately way, for every guest she had wise and serious, yet kind and gentle, words of admonition and farewell.

Many a gay courtier, in her presence, felt his heart strangely touched and drawn towards God; and many a thoughtless court dame went out from that death-chamber with her eyes cast

down and penitent tears glistening on the long lashes.

The young King, Henry VIII., came striding in, jingling his spurs and clanging his sword, in his rough, bluff way; and with him came his good Queen, Katharine of Arragon. When the noble Countess solemnly enjoined upon her grandson to take counsel of God, and rule justly and mercifully, he promised; but in his base heart he knew that he lied.

There was no lack of priests about the dying Countess. She had always been considered a remarkably devout woman, and it was thought that she would leave the greater part of her immense property to the Church. So the holy men stood by her to the last. They gave her the sacrament; they chanted and burned incense, and said a multitude of prayers in her chamber. But when Death, who came to the good Countess Margaret as an angel of blessed release, swung open the invisible gates and led her into her heavenly home, the pious fathers suffered a little disappointment; for she, too, had made a will.

She had left some bequests to the Church;

she had endowed two colleges; but she had also left a large sum for the perpetual benefit of the poor of Westminster.

In the reign of Henry VIII. began the Reformation in England. After a while the King favored it; not from conscientious motives, but because he had quarrelled with the Pope, and because, being avaricious and rapacious, he was glad of an opportunity of getting possession of the treasures of the abbeys and churches. One of the first things he did was to rob his dead father of his silver candlesticks, his incense, and his masses. He even destroyed the altar itself, after stripping it of every thing valuable. So the lights were put out, the chanting was hushed, the sweet incense ceased to ascend before the tomb of Henry VII. So his royal will was set at nought.

But the nobler will of his truly pious mother has remained in force and continued its blessed work through generation after generation down to this very day. Around her tomb the blessings of the poor arise in a pure, perpetual

incense; there the memory of her good deeds sheds inextinguishable light, and, more than golden chalice or silver candlestick, sacred relic or royal emblem, commends her name to the reverence and loyal love of the world.

The New Palace of Westminster.

THE PROROGATION.

THE most beautiful modern building in England, if not in the world, is the New Palace of Westminster, which stands on the Thames, near to the Abbey. It is an immense edifice, built of fine stone, which is richly and elaborately carved in all sorts of figures, flowers, and devices. It has many graceful towers and pinnacles, and almost countless windows, arches, and niches

and, vast as it is, it seems like a structure of fairy land, so delicately and exquisitely is it finished, where it is finished at all; for some portions of this palace are yet far from complete.

You must know this is not a royal residence, but is built for the great English Parliament, and contains the houses of Lords and Commons.

Attached to the New Palace is old Westminster Hall — a majestic building, erected by William Rufus. That King taxed his subjects in a most grievous manner for money to expend on this hall, and compelled poor artisans to work for small wages; so that the sighs and curses of the people may be said to have echoed every stroke of the chisel and blow of the hammer till the imposing edifice stood complete.

Within this hall all coronation and state banquets were formerly given. Here Parliaments have sat and many state trials have been held. King Charles II. was tried and condemned here on the 20th of January, 1649. Here Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector, with

great pomp and ceremony, on the 16th of September, 1653.

On the 30th of January, 1661, a great crowd of people were gathered in the court-yard before Westminster Hall, gazing and pointing upward to a horrible object upon the top. It was the head of Oliver Cromwell spiked upon an oaken pole, and fixed there by command of the new King, Charles II. And here I think I must tell you something more of that head of Cromwell.

Charles I., you will remember, was the son of that King James of whom we have seen so much meanness and cruelty. Charles was more of a gentleman than his father; handsomer and more gracious in his manners, but in his way scarcely less tyrannical. For many years he pursued a reckless and foolish course, unjustly extorting money from his subjects; intriguing with foreign courts and the army; now defying and dismissing Parliament; now flattering and weakly yielding to it; always promising and never fulfilling; belying the real kingly character; and being only true to his double-dealing Stuart nature and to his father's bad example.

Chief among this King's enemies, for talent, energy, boldness, and good strong sense, was Oliver Cromwell. He was a brave and skilful general, a masterly politician, an eloquent orator — in short, an admirable leader for the people; and he proved a wiser and a more active ruler than England had known for many a long year. After King Charles was beheaded, (he died very bravely, to his honor,) Oliver broke up a Parliament which didn't suit him, and got one after his own heart, and had every thing his own way. He made the nation respected abroad; he made himself feared and honored even by kings and nobles who pretended to despise him for his lowly birth. But in one thing he was unwise: he was too strict and stern in the forms of religion. He and his Puritan followers sung too many psalms and said too many long prayers in public, and set their solemn faces too hard against the elegant arts and innocent amusements of society. The people grew tired, and secretly longed for a few royal shows, processions, coronations, tournaments, or birthday festivals. But they stood in such mortal fear of "old Noll," as they called Oliver, that they kept pretty quiet

till he died and his son Richard undertook to fill his place. Then they said, "Come, we have had enough of this; let us have a real King and a gay court again at any cost, and have done with the brewer's family, and this long, dull Sunday."

So they called home Charles II., who had long been hoping for an invitation, and was not backward in accepting it. They declared him King, and flattered and feasted him, and made as much joyful ado over him as though he had been the "prodigal son" himself; and so he was, as far as the prodigality went.

Charles II., who was called "a generous Prince" and "the merry monarch," began his reign by certain acts any thing but generous or merry. He put to death nearly all the Puritan leaders he could lay his hands on; and then he had the dead bodies of Cromwell and his friends Ireton and Bradshaw taken from their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged in a cart to Tyburn, and there hung on the gallows from sunrise to sunset. They were then cut down and beheaded. The trunks were thrown into a pit; the heads spiked and fixed on the top of Westminster Hall.

Cromwell had been embalmed; and his head remained entire, though exposed to the weather twenty-five years.

One stormy night, in the latter part of the reign of James II., it is said, the old staff was broken off by a strong wind, and the head, rolling down the eaves, fell into the court below, right at the feet of a lonely sentinel. He, seeing what it was, took it up, placed it under his cloak, and went on making his dreary round. When he went home he hid it upon a spacious chimney, thinking, doubtless, that the time would come when it would bring a large price as a great curiosity. There was a mighty hue and cry set up about the missing head, and the sentinel never dared to divulge the secret of its being in his possession. But after his death his family sold it to a Mr. Russell, a relative of Cromwell. In his family it remained, descending from father to son, until one Mr. Samuel Russell, being very poor, sold it to the proprietor of a museum. About fifty years ago Mr. Henry Wilkinson bought it at a large price, and at the house of his son, William Arthur Wilkinson, Esq., a distinguished member of Parliament, I saw it a

short time before I left England. It is kept in an old oaken box, wrapped in black silk, and locked in a cabinet. It is regarded with much reverence by its present possessors, who honor the character of Cromwell, and it doubtless is a very valuable relic; but it is a mournful and horrible spectacle. So well was this head embalmed, that, notwithstanding the hard usage it has met with, much of the hair and beard, and some portions of the skin and flesh, yet remain upon it — the latter blackened and shrivelled like those of an Egyptian mummy. The iron spike of the broken oak staff is yet fast in it; and on the lower part of the skull is a deep cut, made by the headsman, who evidently struck too high the first time. And this is the story of Oliver Cromwell's head, which, when fast on his sturdy shoulders and when his live eyes gleamed out of it, ruled a great nation and awed the whole world, but, when dead, a revengeful king could dishonor, and any crow could peck at.

I was shown over the new Palace of Westminster by Mr. Cobden, a member of the House of Commons, who explained every thing to me in the pleasantest possible manner. With him I

passed through many beautiful halls and corridors, and visited the houses of Lords and Commons. In the latter I heard a short speech from Mr. D'Israeli, a famous statesman, but a person not very remarkable in his appearance, except for a gay waistcoat, a pair of keen, restless, dark eyes, and a head of very black hair, hanging in stiff little curls, which look more like corkscrews than any thing else.

In the House of Lords we heard a few words from the great Lord Brougham. Those of you who have seen pictures of him in "Punch" know just how he looks; for they are frightfully like.

The House of Lords is the most magnificent and brilliant hall I ever saw. It is really dazzling with gilding and beautiful ornaments, and richer than you can imagine in carving, pictures, and velvet hangings. The seats of the peers and the steps of the throne are covered with crimson; the throne itself is a mass of rich carving, gold, and crimson velvet; and all about are the royal arms, national emblems and devices, curiously wrought or painted in gorgeous colors.

I saw this chamber to better advantage at another time — and this was when Queen Victoria prorogued (that is, dismissed) Parliament, on the 1st of July, 1852.

THE PROROGATION.

I took the seat appointed to me in the gallery of the House of Lords at an early hour, and watched the peers and peeresses, officers of the church and state, foreign ministers and spectators enter and take their places.

I had never beheld any thing half so splendid in the way of costly dress and jewelry as then met my eye on every side. The peers all wore robes of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine, with jewelled orders about their necks and diamond stars sparkling on their breasts. The foreign ministers wore the court dresses of their various countries, some of them exceedingly rich and beautiful. The judges wore long, black robes, and those enormous white wigs which the English think so venerable and imposing, but which only strike us as queer and absurd. Then

there were the bishops, who, though doubtless very pious men, did not seem to disapprove of all this worldly pomp and splendor, but looked contented and merry, and were very handsomely attired indeed.

The peeresses and other great ladies present were dressed in the richest velvets, satins, brocades, and laces, with ornaments of plumes, flowers, and all varieties of costly jewels; some wearing on their heads, in their ears, about their necks and arms, and down their dresses, large fortunes in diamonds — shining, and flashing, and blinking all over them like a fairy illumination. Many of those noble lords and ladies were handsome, stately, and graceful enough to do without titles, fine dress, orders, and diamonds; but some, it seemed to me, were very much indebted indeed to titles, fine dress, orders, and diamonds. Near me sat a little Indian Princess, dressed in her native costume, and covered from head to foot with gems and gold. It was said that the court ladies were greatly interested in this child, partly because she was pretty and a little of a savage, and partly because there was something rather romantic in her his-

tory. Her mother had been converted to Christianity, and, when she was dying, made her husband promise to take her little girl to England and place her under the charge of Queen Victoria, that she might be educated as a Christian. The Prince did as he had promised; though he knew he would be hated and denounced for it in India. He took his little daughter to England. Queen Victoria accepted the charge, and stood sponsor for her when she was baptized into the English church.

About two o'clock there was a brave firing of great guns, to announce her majesty's arrival at the Victoria Tower; and, a few minutes after, all in the house rose in respectful silence to receive the Queen. She entered with a slow, dignified step, conducted by her husband, Prince Albert, and followed by officers of state and the army. The Queen did not wear her crown — it was borne before her on a velvet cushion by the Earl of Derby; but she wore a splendid tiara of diamonds. Her dress was of white satin, striped with gold, and over it an open robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine and embroidered with gold. The train of this robe, many yards

in length, was borne by ladies, gentlemen, and pages.

Queen Victoria is a pretty pleasant-looking woman, fair and plump, with mild, blue eyes, soft, brown hair, and a very sweet smile; but she certainly is not Queen-like in the way that Mary Stuart and Elizabeth Tudor were. She is not handsome, nor haughty, nor even tall. But, short as she is, she looks quite stately enough when seated on the throne, and is not a bit too simple and mild in her manner and expression for a Queen who has really no power of herself; and, though she is not beautiful or proud, it's a comfort to know that she will not blow up her husband with gunpowder, as Mary Stuart did hers; and will not box her ministers' ears, or order her enemies' heads to be cut off, like stormy Queen Bess.

Never, it seemed to me, was there a little woman so radiant with great, lustrous, throbbing diamonds. They seemed to have been starred upon her, till she shone like brightness itself. When her breast heaved they glistened like foam-beads on the crest of a wave; and when she bowed her head or moved her arms, she

shook off little sparkles of light, as a rose-tree shakes off dew-drops when it stirs in the morning wind.

On the right and left of the throne are two chairs of state — one for the heir apparent, and the other for the Prince consort. The young Prince of Wales was not present that day; but Prince Albert sat in his place, at the left of his wife. He is a tall, handsome, military-looking man, and is much liked and respected by the English people. Between him and the Queen stood the great Duke of Wellington, bearing the sword of state, which was almost too heavy for him in his feeble state of health. He was very old; his head was tremulous with palsy, his hair was snowy white, and his tall figure was wasted and bent. I could not realize, when I looked at him, that he was indeed that great general, the conqueror of Napoleon Bonaparte. This was the last prorogation he was to witness: he died early in the following autumn.

The members of the House of Commons were summoned, and came hurrying into a little place railed off for them under the gallery, opposite the throne. Some of these are Lords and Honora-

bles, and all of them, it is supposed, are gentlemen; yet they crowded and pushed one another in a most unceremonious way, and seemed as eager to see the show as a set of schoolboys. I noticed that Mr. D'Israeli soon made his way into the front rank, though he came in last. That is what genius does for a man.

There was a long, dull speech read to the Queen, which she heard patiently, being used to such things; then she gave her approval to some bills; and then the Lord Chancellor, kneeling at her feet, put into her hand her own speech, which she read in a sweet, clear tone of voice, with perfect emphasis and distinctness.

Then the Lord Chancellor rose and announced that Parliament was prorogued till the 20th of August; then the Queen rose and Prince Albert rose; then the peers and peeresses rose; then the foreign ministers, distinguished and undistinguished strangers, rose. Prince Albert gave his hand to the Queen; the ladies, gentlemen, and pages took up the train; Lord Derby stepped forward with the crown; the poor old Duke tottered along with the sword of state; the whole grand procession passed out; and the brilliant assembly

broke up and followed as quietly as possible. So ended this beautiful royal pageant for me; but some of my friends who were outside, and saw the Queen and Prince Albert get into their splendid state carriage and drive away, professed to pity me for having lost the best part of the show. It was well *they* thought so. According to their account, it was a wonder the sun was not dazzled quite out of sight by that gorgeous, golden equipage. But the sun was out on a holiday, — a rare thing in England, — and determined not to be outshone even by royalty.

Queen Victoria is a gentle and conscientious sovereign, an affectionate daughter, a loving wife, a tender mother, and a true Christian. Such a woman has not sat on the throne of Great Britain for many a year, if ever before; so let us say with her subjects, and from our hearts, "God save the Queen!" not because she *is* the Queen, but because she is good.

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